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BRANN'S ANNUAL FOR 1897

Contains the ICONOCLAST articles that "caught on" during the year ending January last. Of newsdealers everywhere, or sent postpaid for 25 cents.

WANTED: ONE WORD.

I HAVE just discovered the shameful exility of the English language, its poverty of expression, its inadequacy as a mental exchange medium, its utter inability to describe what it were a crime to leave uncatalogued. We have a great many vitriolic words, sesquipedalian words, even what the Germans are wont to call "thunder words;" but none of them, either singly or in combination, can by the grace of inflection or poetic license, be made to answer my purpose. I want a real nice word with which to signify something awfully nasty; but would, for this occasion only, dispense with euphemism were it sufficiently expressive. I must have a word woven of a warp of shame and woof of infamy by some foul Duessa plying her loom among the damned—a word that will signify a featherless two-legged animal who is neither man nor ape; whose soul is but the suspiration of a sick buzzard and his cerebral convolutions the writhing of malodorous maggots; who is a criminal and not confined, a lazar and not compelled to cry "unclean;" who is a suppurating sore on the body social, the guide philosopher and friend of nigger rape-fiends—a creature so foul that were Doll Tearsheet his mother, Falstaff his father and Perdition his birth-place, he would shame his shameless dam, disgrace his graceless sire and dishonor his honorless country. I have explored the English tongue from abc to zyx, examined the terminology of reptilia, attended political conventions and even heard Sam Jones preach; but find no word, printable or otherwise, in the vernacular of the polite or the patois of the vulgar covers the case, which may be thus described: A rather pretentious newspaper entitled the Times is published in Los Angeles, Cal., by an alleged white man, and has been having considerable to say in denunciation of the Southern people for lynching negro rape-fiends, and thus protecting to the extent of their power the honor of their homes. In addition to its own crass comments on a subject of which it is ignorant as a troglodyte of trigonometry, the Times opens its columns to the excrementitious bile of every cowardly blackguard who desires to befoul the Southern people and apotheosize the nigger rape-fiend. The copy before me was forwarded to this office by a Californian

with the following comment: "You recently discovered, as you supposed, the world's meanest man in Massachusetts; you will learn from the marked articles that there are others." One of the marked articles is a communication to the Times from C. H. Sparks, who adds "University of Chicago" to his patronymic, perhaps for the same reason that we tie a tail to a kite—to "make it go." Whether he's a graduate of the institution backed by Jno. D. Rockefeller with the fruits of his buccaneering, a member of the faculty and paid with money obtained by fraud, or simply keeper of the cuspidores, or grand deodorizer of the vessels of dishonor, is not in evidence. I suppose, however, that he's a Ph. D., LL. D., X. Y. Z., or other multititular he-tommy who has wandered down to Los Angeles to recover somewhat from the evil effects of toting so much text-book ignorance. Anyway, C. H. Sparks is not the blatherskite we're after; but as he has thrust himself upon our attention we will drive a cowboy boot far enough under his coat-tails to tickle his gall-bag with our Mexican spur and then pass blithely on to a more resourceful liar, a more accomplished calumniator. Sparks—of the "University of Chicago," please remember—says he has made "a long and extended observation and looked very carefully into the condition of the negroes." He now affirms that "thousands of them are living higher, purer and nobler lives than their former masters!" What do our fathers and mothers think of that assertion by C. H. Sparks—"of the University of Chicago?" He continues as follows: "The American negro is not the most immoral being in existence; to-day, in the black belt of Alabama, there is not as great a percentage of illegitimacy as there is in the Kingdom of Bavaria and a dozen other places which I might mention" (but which he doesn't mention). From the general tone of his article it may be fairly inferred that Sparks considers that the darkey has come precious near cornering the world's stock of decency. If he be superior morally to his old masters, the inhabitants of Bavaria and the Caucasians of a dozen other countries, it is small wonder that Julian Hawthorne desires to improve the white breed by injecting into it a little Ethiopian blood! Sparks says that "it is commonly asserted that less than 40 years ago every negro in this country was either himself a bastard or was the child of illegitimate born parents." He does not question the correctness of this statement, which, in justice to the negro be it said, is only approximately true. From what Sparks "grants" was a state of universal bastardy or second-hand illegitimacy, to a moral status superior to that of the Caucasians of a dozen or more countries, "in less than 40 years," is what we might call unprecedented progress! If the Ethiop keeps up that tremendous gait for another 40 years he will be entirely too good for this gross earth. If Sparks knew aught of anthropology he would be aware that it requires many generations and favorable circumstances to transform a notoriously immoral race into one of honor and respectability; were he familiar with history he would know that whenever the negro has been excluded from frequent contact with the white man, or where the latter has failed to dominate, he has almost immediately reverted to savagery; did he possess an atom of information, tempered by ever so little sense, he would know that whatever progress the black has made since his release from bondage is due to the ex-

"POTIPHAR'S WIFE, THE STORY OF JOSEPH REVISED." BY MAIL 6 CENTS.

ample and encouragement, the opportunity for education and financial betterment supplied by the Southern people—that despite his notorious *vis inertiae* he has been carried forward somewhat by the tremendous *vis vitalis* of Caucasian civilization. Sparks—"of the University of Chicago"—estimates the morals of the colored people by "statistics of illegitimacy," which demonstrates that, despite his "long and extended observation," he knows absolutely nothing about the negroes or the laws of various nations—that his "observations" were taken from the window of a Pullman car. Statistics of illegitimacy take cognizance only of people "born out of wedlock"—that is, of women known to be unmarried. In most European countries a child born out of wedlock remains a bastard tho' its parents intermarry; in most American states the intermarriage of the parents, tho' at the age of 100 years, legitimatizes all their children; hence Sparks' "statistics" are altogether useless. And there is another important feature with which this learned Theban is evidently unfamiliar: Practically all female negroes, in Alabama and elsewhere, who have reached the child-bearing age, are married—or supposed to be; and statisticians are not much addicted to chasing certificates of wedlock in colored settlements. A married woman may give birth to a dozen brats by as many different men without enhancing the "percentage of illegitimacy" in her neighborhood. I do not say there are no virtuous negro women;—how could I know?—but I do say that with the average wench the possession of a husband, whether real or pretended, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, "has nothing to do with the case." She finds a husband first,—if convenient—and then experiments with paramours of every race and complexion. It is frequently charged by trans-Ohio pseudo-philanthropists and negrophiles that I am "the black man's enemy." Such is far from being a fact. While these fellows are stuffing his head with rank folly I tell him the truth. While they spill the scalding sob over "his pitiable condition" I find him employment. While they give him dangerous advice I set before him good healthy grub. They encourage him to make criminal assaults on Caucasian women for which I have to help hang him. The gross immortality of the negro is a stubborn fact which every man of sense would know must be so, tho' he had never received any definite information on the subject. I do not censure him for it any more than I censure a dog for slaughtering sheep—I simply say that the sheep-killing dog must die, that the black man who criminally assaults a white woman must perish as quickly as we can get our hands on his goozle. The negroes are an inferior race; their intelligence is sadly circumscribed; their animalism is strong while their moral concept is weak. But a few years ago they ceased to be degraded savages only to become abject slaves. During but one generation have they had opportunity to make real progress, and this opportunity they have improved as well as we could reasonably expect; but when Sparks assumes that in "less than forty years" they have attained to a moral and intellectual attitude which the white man has reached only after a struggle of more than 40 centuries, he simply advertises that the "University of Chicago" is responsible for the fact that a piebald ass is at large in Los Angeles. He is probably one of that numerous class who scribble for the press because they have a prurient itch to see their names in print—who uncork themselves on every occasion, and with their more than Boeotian ignorance and Gascon impudence beslime every subject. But, as I remarked in the hitherto, he's not the huckle-berry for my basket—I have but dallied with him to cool my blood before turning my attention to a creature who can not be properly dealt with in language I would care to print. Besides, I have to be a trifle careful how I call a spade a spade, for every infernal rascal I expose, every liar I put in the public pillory,

every dirty seducer of half-wit maids I denounce, every tradesman I find trying to defraud his creditors by a bogus failure, every arrant hypocrite whose "unctuous smile makes the widow lean" that I strip of the Lord's livery, at once advises the postal department that the Iconoclast is "indecent" and "should be suppressed." Which proves that

"Rogue ne'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

If the Iconoclast were one-half so foul as the souls of those who denounce it for waging uncompromising war on "all that loveth and maketh a lie," it would indeed disgrace the cloacae of Rome, the sewers of Paris, and add fresh horrors to a pestilential cess-pool. Sparks' stupid diatribe of pigeon English is quite o'ershadowed in the matter of deliberate villainy and imaginative mendacity by one "Geo. D. Taylor, M. D.," who gives his address 252 1-2 S. Main St., Los Angeles—which I imagine must be a Chinese opium den or nigger variety dive. I will quote a few lines from his fulmination, trusting that it will not provoke any Southerner to waste decent buckshot on the misbegotten brute, and thus prevent him stinking himself to death, which he seems in a very fair way to do. Ladies are requested not to read the following paragraph, as filtering it through their pure minds were like soiling white samite with the belchings of a buzzard that had crammed its craw with poison-infecting carrion. He inquires why the negro cannot be trusted among white women and children now as well as before the war—a question which I have frequently answered for the edification of the fools that ask it—and then proceeds to "spread himself" as follows:

The negro is tempted more now than then, and led on by the white woman in the majority of cases, and everything goes well until they are caught. The Southern negro is no more lustful than the Southern white man. When the white man wants to commit his crime he seeks a black woman, and of course you never hear it, or should he seek a white woman he simply blacks his face, commits the deed, some poor negro is lynched, many times he helps to do it, and that ends it. We know of many instances of this kind. Ninety-nine per cent of the negro men of the South are afraid to insult a white woman, if they were so inclined, and the women, knowing this, they make the first advances.

That's why I am advertising for a new word—one that will aptly describe "Geo. D. Taylor, M. D.," and at the same time burn no holes in Uncle Sam's asbestos mail sacks. Of course it were easy to suggest that the mother of such a mental abnormality expends much time scratching fleas with her hind feet; but the dog is man's best friend, and to accredit Taylor with so decent an origin were fulsome flattery. I suspect that "Geo. D. Taylor, M. D.," is a saddle-colored coon, one of those yaller bipeds with which the bummers and beats who followed in the wake of Sherman's boys so liberally sprinkled the South, and whom we have expended so much good money transforming into impudent preachers who publicly clamor for white wives, quack doctors who become the silent partners of negro undertakers, and peanut politicians who sell votes in blocks-of-five, when we should have taken an ox goad and driven the whole caboodle into the cotton-patch. There are several of these creatures, begotten by thieving white bummers and black bawds, who, after feeding on our bounty and acquiring at our expense all the education that could be pumped into their beefy brains, have sneaked off a thousand miles or so and, from such points of safety, foully insult their benefactors. We will not discuss such vermin; for if it be "a waste of lather to shave an ass," what must it be to criticise an impudent coon who cannot be conveniently reached with a club? The existence of such things upon the earth is strong presumptive evidence of the truth of the old dogma that "God ordained some to be damned for his greater glory." The appearance of the

communication of "C. H. Sparks, University of Chicago," and "Geo. D. Taylor, M. D.," in the same column was eminently appropriate, they being two of a kind. We may reasonably suppose that Taylor is Sparks' family physician and officiates at the birth of his babes, for the latter would quite naturally entrust such delicate duties to negroes, who are so eminently superior to their old masters. The two should be yoked together and scourged naked through the world, not with a thong of dry bull-hide, yet with a dessicated implement of torture supplied by that useful and interesting animal; but we would have to employ a Digger Indian to do it, as the malodor of such mangy simians would inoculate a decent white man with the black death. It is the editor of the *Times* who really needs attention for circulating such rotten slanders, not alone of Southern ladies, but of the whole Caucasian race. He knew when he admitted the Chicago idiot's article that it was a tissue of falsehoods aimed at people who had never harmed him. He knew when he printed the insane drivel of Taylor—the cowardly spawn of a pole-cat—that it was a malicious calumny. He knew that in every case in which a black beast has criminally assaulted a white woman his victim became his accuser, if he had not taken the precaution to kill her. He knew that many of the negroes lynched for rape in this section had forcibly debauched little girls in short dresses, some of them toddling babes, whilst others had victimized women past 80. He knew that during the past 200 years there has not been half a dozen well-authenticated cases of white men blacking their faces and committing such a crime. He knew that instead of Southern white women "making advances" to black bucks, they dread them worse than death by torture and eternal damnation; yet he cheerfully prints these infamous charges, preferred by a cowardly coyote who realizes that, being so distinct from those he defames, there is little danger that he will be hunted down and his lying tongue ripped out by the roots. But Taylor had best cork himself; when the Iconoclast has placed his calumny before half a million Southerners whose wives and daughters he has defamed, he may have callers anxious to examine his complexion through the sights of a sixshooter. I will not express my opinion of the *Times* man, not now—it wouldn't look well in print. If it should ever be convenient to tell him personally what I think of him, and there are no ladies present, perhaps I can find a word that will answer my purpose. If it be possible for a good tree to bring forth foul fruit—if Apples of Sodom will spring from a Ben-Davis stem—then perchance his father was a gentleman. His mother was probably a respectable woman, who, becoming frightened by some hideous nightmare, brought forth a monster. Hamlet might "unpack his heart with curses" leveled at the cowardly assassins of his sire; but it were useless to waste adjectives upon an editor who suffers a lousy nigger to puke through his columns into the fair faces of millions of noble women. I can but wonder what will become of the *Times* editor when the breath leaves his feculent body and death stops the rattling of his abortive brain, for he is unfit for heaven and too foul for hell. He can not be buried in the earth lest he provoke a pestilence, nor in the sea lest he poison the fish, nor swung in space like Mahomet's coffin lest the circling worlds, in trying to avoid contamination, crash together, wreck the universe and bring again the noisome reign of Chaos and old Night. The damrascal seems to be a white elephant on the hands of Deity, and I have some curiosity to know what he will do with it.

Brann's Speeches and Lectures.

Newsdealers Everywhere. 25c.

KILLING OF CANOVAS.

NOW that all the principalities and powers have con-
doled with Spain over the killing of Canovas; now
that Golli has been sentenced to the garrote and our
own "able editors" and oratorical wind-jammers have
vigorously denounced him as a "cowardly assassin," suppose
we make a reasonable effort to understand what this slaughter
by an anarchist really signifies. *Ogni medaglia ha il suo
riverso*, say the Italians, meaning thereby that what has a
before must have a behind, that there are at least two sides
to every subject—including even the killing of Canovas.
Thanks to the pernicious activity of our "great public edu-
cators," alias the press, the American people have a very
anamorphic idea of anarchy and anarchists. They suppose
that anarchy is synonymous with violence and disorder,
wrong and outrage; that such condition is desired by its
devotees; that the latter are composed altogether of the idle,
the vicious and the criminal. Their idea of an anarchist is
a cross between a Bowery bum and a vampire bat—a low-
browed brute, a filthy fellow who loafs about the subcellar
boozing dens of great cities, drink gallons of beer, builds
gaspipe bombs and shrieks for oceans of blood,—all of which
they gather from the foolish scribblings of ignorant edi-
tors who mistake an abnormal imaginative faculty for an in-
exhaustible tank of valuable information. They will prob-
ably be a little surprised to learn that anarchism owes much
to the teachings of Christ, that St. Paul is considered by
many of its converts as the original high priest of the cult,
that the utterances of some of the world's greatest philoso-
phers are habitually quoted in its apologetics and that many
of the best people of Europe subscribe to its principles.
Strange as it may appear to those who rely upon the daily
press for information, a man can be an enthusiastic anarchist
without growing a crop of piratical whiskers, neglecting his
bath and carrying an infernal machine in his hat, a bull-
dog pistol in the hip-pocket of his "pants" and a dynamite
bomb in each coat-tail pocket. The word anarchy, accord-
ing to the best authorities on the subject, "is employed
to signify, not chaos, but an order of things that excludes
the idea of external government, and depends on individual
self-control and voluntary co-operation." Its avowed ob-
ject is attainment of the fullest liberty, the highest pos-
sible development of individualism. Anarchists believe that
all government is useless and oppressive; that without it
there would be less crime, greater prosperity, more altruism,
a happier life for the "common herd." Nihilism and anarchy
are one and the same, practically considered. The nihilists
are composed chiefly of the university students and the better
educated people of the Russian empire. The reigning family,
its immediate dependants, and the squalid peasantry, so re-
cently serfs and still avatars of poverty and ignorance, are
enthusiastic monarchists. Nihilism, or anarchism, reduced
to its last analysis, means simply "nit," is a pure negation.
That is also its significance in religion and science. Philoso-
phic nihilism, so-called, would reduce even the super-abun-
dant materiality of G. Cleveland to an equal status with
his mentality—"mere appearance with no substratum of
reality." Anarchism is the legitimate child of political op-
pression. Seeing that government was responsible for so
much evil, men concluded that it was wholly bad, unnatural,
an insufferable nuisance, and began agitating for its com-
plete abolition. Such a campaign of education did not please
the powers, and the result was a terrible persecution. Oc-
casionally the worm turned and some active enemy in high
place perished. Rome persecuted the early Christians, and,
because there were some who did not turn the other cheek
to the smiter all were denounced as disreputable, dangerous,
and many crimes of which they were innocent were laid at

their door. The cross was once hated, despised and dreaded more than the red flag is today. What the anarchists are to Europe, the Catholics were to England in the time of Titus Oates, the Huguenots to France in the days of Catherine de' Medici—a people regarded as enemies of the established government and capable of any crime. Just as an occasional Christian struck at the pagan oppressors, so an occasional anarchist strikes at their persecutors. Conspiracies, plots, desperate ventures by individuals, may be expected whenever a class of people, for religious, racial or political reasons, is cruelly maltreated and is not powerful enough to make open war upon its enemies. Oppression is the cause of which anarchy is the effect. Atheism is the natural correlative of social anarchy, the dogma of nihilism, or nothingness, carried to its legitimate conclusion. But it is more than a revolt against the sceptre and the mitre; it is a protest against conditions, social and industrial, in which "the individual withers and the world is more and more." Anarchism would make every man an independent entity instead of a molecule in a mighty organism, the unconsidered fraction of a great machine. In my humble opinion the thesis of anarchism reduced to practice could but result in endless confusion and the retrogression of the race; but while the dream is idle it is beautiful, considered solely in its earthly aspect, in that it is of a perfect if an impossible ideal. When all men become just we will no longer have any use for law, and absence of law is political anarchy. In all Europe the anarchists had no more uncompromising enemy than Canovas. The tortures he inflicted upon many of them are too dreadful to be told—the soul of a Caliban would sicken at the recital. True, many of those he tortured had committed crimes; but the efficient cause thereof was his own tyranny—it was but an application of *lex talionis*—the law of retaliation. That Canovas was a statesman of considerable ability can not be gainsaid; but he was the incarnation of cruelty. What Jack the Ripper was to the slums of London, Canovas was to the world at large. The atrocities perpetrated in the Philippine Islands by the Spanish soldiery had his sanction; Weyler, the Cuban butcher, was simply his creature and executed his orders. Canovas seems to have "got drunk with blood to vomit crime"—and the worm turned once more. I do not approve the principles of anarchism, I do not sanction assassination; nor can I regret the fate of Canovas. "The wage of sin is death;" this later-day "Spanish fury" but reaped as he had sown. Golli is guilty of a terrible crime, but not of a "cowardly" one, as the "able editors" would have us believe. Brutal and bloody it was, deserving the world's condemnation; but no coward deliberately does that for which he knows he must quickly die. Great Caesar fell by the hands of those who professed to be his friends, and who hoped to grasp the reins of government as they fell from his dead hands; Canovas was slain by an enemy who expected no reward but the rope; yet we crown the bust of Brutus with laurel boughs and spit upon the grave of Golli. The one, accompanied by a patrician mob, struck down "the foremost man of all the world" because he was "ambitious;" the other murdered the servant of a petty queen because he was a monster.

"THE CURSE OF IMMIGRATION."

W. C. Brann: Immigration is the curse of this country to-day, because it is overstocked with Europe's paupers that have been dumped upon our shores, and we have to take them and feed them. Nine-tenths of them have got nothing when they reach our shores, and is it not a fact that this is the very cause of the cheapness of American labor to-day? Do we want this kind of immigration that brings nothing with them but the few rags on their backs and expects to make all they ever get right here among us by working for less wages than the American laborer can afford to do? Restrictions are

placed upon trade, but you hear very little about restrictions being placed upon this kind of "commodity" (paupers). Is it not a fact also that our lawmakers are afraid to bring up this question for fear of incurring the enmity of the foreigner, who is so numerous, and who has such a grip upon the affairs of this government already? "ILLINOIS."

The question of immigration is one with which I have frequently dealt heretofore; but, like the spook of the erstwhile Col. Banquo, it continues to come to the front. Our present laws exclude paupers, those who come under contract to perform labor for padrones like Hanna, at a stipulated price, and some other undesirable classes. We cannot consistently exclude white Europeans because of their poverty, if they be respectable, honest and willing to work; for our own ancestors were Europeans, and few of them brought hither much more than their brain and brawn and "the rags on their backs." Most of America's great men—and practically all her millionaires—have been the descendants of Europeans who came hither as steerage passengers. Some of the largest employers of American labor couldn't have bought a keg of beer when they came to this country. The idea that the decline in American wages is due to immigrant competition, while quite common, is far from correct. It is true that the standard of living is lower in Europe than with us; but it is likewise true that the workman, of whatsoever nationality, will obtain the highest wages he possibly can, not caring to sweat himself wholly for his health. As a rule, immigrants become members of labor organizations, whose object is to shorten the working day, maintain a living wage rate and good sanitary conditions. When strikes occur it is the foreign element that is most feared, it being apt to carry its protest against pauper wages to the extreme of open war. It is true that many foreigners have been forced by their padrones to starvation wages; but it is likewise true that native-born Americans are working in cotton mills and other industries where few immigrants are employed, for less money than the most beggarly Hungarians receive in the mines. It is urged, however, that if there be 100 jobs and but 75 workmen wages will rule high, while if there be 100 workmen and but 75 jobs wages will rule low, and that immigration brings about this latter disproportion; but it seems to me that the complainants overlook something. When a man produces he must consume, and this consumption creates an effective demand for the products of others. If my correspondent be engaged in a manufacturing industry would he not be pleased to have the population of his trade district doubled? If he be growing grain or garden truck would he not be delighted to see the small village near his farm develop into a large town, affording a better market for his merchandise? Whatsoever one of these immigrants produces in excess of what he consumes enhances the taxable values of the community. It is capital, actual or potential, and its employment creates an efficient demand for more labor. Reduce the population of this country one half, rich and poor, the worthy and the worthless alike, and there will remain half as many idle men as there are to-day, because one-half the capital available for employment and one-half the efficient demand for the products of labor would be eliminated. Immigration has no more tendency to bring us to the European wage rate than has our natural increase in population. Government should exercise every possible precaution to keep out idle and vicious immigrants; but just so long as we have vast and varied undeveloped resources we need the aid of worthy Europeans, because their industry enhances our national wealth and adds to our national strength. Our tendency toward a lower wage rate is due to the fact that our chief products must compete in the world's markets with those of poorly paid labor, while our system of production and exchange has become so complex and requires so much capital that the laborer is no longer an inde-

pendent entity, but the creature of a soulless corporation which exercises over him the power of life and death—may deny him the poor privilege of eating bread in the sweat of his brow. There should be abundant employment in this country for five times its present population; but because of unnatural conditions, the fruit of economic folly, no matter what may be the number of our workmen, there appears to be always too many. Do our politicians pander to the foreign element? Well, it would be strange if they did not, as they are on their knees to everything else in sight that can help them to an office. If the foreigner has too strong a grip on the affairs of this government it is our fault—we gave it to him, hence have no special cause to kick.

A FRANK CONFESSION.

If these few solemn observations fail to cut short the next Republican vote crop by at least 'leven and a half, then "reason is fled to brutish beasts" and the American workman would require an arc light and a diagram to locate his own think-tank after dark—is incapable of ratiocination as a dead rabbit. In the August Iconoclast I demonstrated that the whole tendency of Republican policy is to reduce wages—and five days later a prominent trade journal, regarded as the especial mouthpiece of Mark Hanna and all engaged in the same and cognate industries, frankly confessed that such is a fact, and broadly intimated that the man who doubts it is a fool. The *Iron Trade Review*, published at Cleveland, O., says editorially in its issue of August 5:

The impatient, oft-times sneering, "Is this prosperity?" which accompanies newspaper announcements of reductions in wages, indicates that there are many who utterly fail to appreciate the conditions under which "prosperity," of whatever proportions it may prove to be, will come to this country. *Wage reductions are certainly a feature of the new prosperity.*

It then proceeds to explain that because of the small margin of profit enjoyed by American industries, the American workman must accept lower wages. Hear ye it:

The scale of profits is gone. The basis of values is often treated as temporary and transitional. That is a characteristic that promises to stay until industrial capital and labor grow used to it. An element that may be reasonably looked for in the prosperity to come is larger tonnage, much of it gained in foreign trade, which can only be had through lower prices and lower wages. With this will come steadier employment for labor. The prosperity of the future will consist rather in having much to do than in having large profits or high wages.

Compare that with the argument and promises of the Republican leaders in the late campaign, by which they captured so large a contingent of the tin-bucket brigade! Prosperity then meant both higher wages and steadier employment—blessings assured by the Republican policy of protection. Now, according to the Hanna organ, it simply means more labor for less money! It means that our prosperity can only come from abroad, and that to secure it we must come squarely down to a wage rate that will enable our bosses to export our products, pay freight and import charges, then undersell that very "pauper labor" from whose pernicious competition we were to be protected at home! It means that if we failed to prosper while working ten hours a day five days in the week for six dollars, we can grow fat and saucy by working twelve hours a day six days in the week for five dollars. All of which suggests the enterprising merchant who got rich selling goods 50 per cent below cost—"because he sold so dam-many of them." I think the *Review's* statement ought to be plain enough to enlighten even those toilers who pilgrimed to Canton and wore out

legs and lungs torchlight processioning. They "utterly failed to appreciate the conditions under which prosperity will come to the country!" Aye, so they did; but who was responsible for that fact? They took McKinley at his word, believed him when he solemnly assured them that protection meant higher wages. When they learned that "wage reductions are certainly a feature of the new "prosperity" they tore down his pictures, trampled upon them and went out on strike. They appreciate the situation now. They understand that the McKinley brand of prosperity is solely for the consumption of the plutocrats who paid the expenses of his campaign. They now appreciate the fact that while protection enlarges the margin of the *entrepreneur's* profit, thereby enhancing the cost of subsistence, it enables him to push the wage rate to the starvation point. They are beginning to see that we pay for our imports with our exports; that a high tariff, by reducing the volume of imports, must reduce the volume of exports, thereby decreasing production, and that whatever has a tendency to limit production in any line makes for lower wages by increasing the number of idle men pressing for employment. I presume, however, that the Republican brand of "prosperity" will be eminently satisfactory when the American workman, as the *Review* suggests, gets used to it.

My attention has just been called to a little New York paper called *Life*. How the poor thing ever managed to get so far from home I cannot imagine, unless some crockery jobber used it in packing a consignment of yellow thundermugs which he was sending to Texas for the negro trade. I thought I had seen all New York's journalistic freaks, from the *Police Gazette* down to *Town Topics*; but *Life* is one abnormality which I had hitherto overlooked. I shall place this copy in my cabinet of curios, it being the only journal on earth having absolutely no shadow of excuse for existing. It is too stupid to be witty, too ignorant to impart information, too epicene to be even immoral. It suggests a castrated donkey that is too spiritless to bray, too lazy to die and simply leans up against a fence and slobbers. The party who discovered this copy of *Life* requests me to "roast" its editor for printing a picture of a mob of Southern school-boys lynching a poor little pickaninny while the master and a bevy of girls look on approvingly. I shall do nothing of the kind. I am too humane to step on a tumblebug that wearily rolls its ball of compost across my path. Go thy way, poor insect. It is not thy fault, but nature's that thou art but a poor scarabaeus rooting in excrement, instead of an eagle soaring at the sun.

We are now being told how delighted the Irish people are to have Victoria's grandson, the Jook of York, "in their midst" for a few days. But he is not "in their midst;" he is but hobnobbing with the minority ascendancy men, who are no more Irish by blood or sympathy than they are Kaffirs or Kanakas. The Irish people proper have neither lot nor part in the royal blow-out—care never a baubee whether the miserable scab be banqueting with the bootlicks of Belfast or scratching fleas in Bombay.

The New York *Voice* is having one conniption fit after another because Princeton University permits an inn on its premises to serve visitors with wine. The *Voice* will have to digest its spleen. Experience has amply demonstrated that Prohibition is a howling farce. The intelligence of the world condemns it. The fact that the *Voice*, ablest of all Prohibition organs, has had to embark in the fake bicycle business to avoid bankruptcy, proves that the fad is flickering.

"THE UNWRITTEN LAW."

THE recent decision of Judge Falconer, of Lexington, Ky., to the effect that an "unwritten law," superior to penal statutes, authorizes a husband to kill an unfaithful wife's paramour, is provoking no end of comment, and appears to be generally approved by high-minded people. The decision was rendered in the case of the State vs. J. S. Harris, charged with the murder of Thos. H. Merritt, whom he surprised one evening in the act of industriously hugging his alleged better half and taking a psychic lunch off her ruby lips. Judge Falconer declared that "human law in its declared portions had decreed no adequate punishment for the violator of the home;" that "no wife yields herself to the despoiler till he has weaned away from her husband that love which is the foundation of the marriage relation," and that the unwritten law of human nature excuses the husband who avenges himself by homicide. There is no question but such is an "unwritten law" of the American people; but whether it should be so is a very perplexing problem. Dishon. W. C. P. Breckinridge declares emphatically that Judge Falconer's decision "is neither good law nor good morals;" but as he had the presumption to lecture on "Morals" while posing as a pillar of the Presbyterian church and breaking the law of God and man by living in adultery with Madeline Pollard, his opinion is not apt to cut much ice with respectable people. It seems to me that had I been convicted of knocking the sawdust out of the Seventh Commandment while lecturing young people on morals and religion, I should have avoided a discussion of the "unwritten law" pertaining to adultery. Still it does not follow that a man convicted of law-breaking knows nothing about law, or that one adjudged guilty of adultery must be unfamiliar with the canons of decency. It must be confessed that the world's intellectual giants have seldom been Josephs—that if only men who have never transgressed be permitted to discuss Judge Falconer's decision, the ladies will have the conversation pretty much to themselves. Luther emphatically declares that

"The man who loves not wine, woman and song
Remains a fool all his life long;"

and if the wine be good, the woman pretty and the song well sung, I am prepared to agree with the alleged father of the Reformation. The one only thing that G. Cleveland ever did suggestive of a man of genius was to send a substitute to war, while he remained in Buffalo to fill beakers to the brim and tread "the primrose path of dalliance" with a buxom widow. The nation would have been a billion dollars better off had he remained with Widow Halpin and his wine instead of going to Washington. I could never understand why people who account themselves allwise and eminently respectable, wash Cleveland's fat feet with their worshipful tears and dry them with the hairs of their heads, while pointing the loaded finger of scorn at Madeline Pollard's paramour. Breckinridge's argument cannot be answered with his own record, however bad that may be. His closed carriage episode no more proves Judge Falconer to be right than his hypocrisy proves the Christian religion to be wrong. The "unwritten law" is a subject that has several sides. I confess I do not see what else a man of spirit can do on finding his wife unfaithful except put a handful of buckshot under the cuticle of her paramour. While the effusion of blood does not eliminate the family disgrace, nor restore happiness to his home, it is some satisfaction to kill the man who made him a cuckold. He may secure a divorce from the woman and learn to heartily hate or wholly despise her; but he cannot rest content while the violator of his home is a mile this side of hell. But if it be proper that one man should die for such an offense, then all should be

slaughtered if they could be found, and I much fear that would prove more destructive than a second flood—that while the average "injured husband" was taking a pot-shot at some "foul seducer" a third party would be pumping lead in *his* direction. As remarked in the hitherto, Josephs are a rather seldom commodity in this country. Of course every man *should* be virtuous as Adonis, able to resist even the soft blandishments of Venus Pandemos; but—. It has been frequently said that the devil when fishing for he-saints baits his hook with a sunbonnet; which abundantly proves that he understands his business. Doubtless there are men, whom the doctors have not yet pronounced dead, who will not talk "soft sawder" to every pretty woman with a tooth for taffy; but they are almost as scarce as icebergs in Texas or preachers who can hear a "call" that means a 60 per cent cut in salary. This is not as it should be, and I'm trying to effect a reformation by the force of good example—by positively refusing to flirt with any lady past the age of fifty. The average man protests against the single standard of morality for the sexes; allows to his own the larger liberty. He knows that he entrusts the keeping of his honor to the woman he weds, not to the men she may chance to meet. He knows that many if not most would gladly "lead her astray," but that they cannot do so unless she furnishes the string. He knows that if she be minded to remain pure she will prevent by womanly tact or repel with scorn all improper advances—will give no man an opportunity to "wean away from her husband that love which is the foundation of the marriage relation." Yet despite all this, when the shadow of dishonor falls upon his home he insists that his wife is the victim of a "designing villain," and that said designing villain must die. If the woman in the case be very young, or inexperienced, or weak-minded, or victimized by means of drugs or brute force, then let the husband use a shot-gun and see that there's a dozen buck in each barrel; but if she be a woman of average intelligence and mature years, the fault, in so far as family honor is concerned, is hers alone, and the "unwritten law" becomes violative of that very "human nature" on which Judge Falconer founds his decision. A man should never kill another for a crime which he has duplicated, or would be apt to commit under like conditions. There are many wives who never expect to be unfaithful, but who are so eager for admiration, so hungry for flattery that they indulge in "little harmless flirtations" with the deliberate intent of entangling the affections of certain "poor fellows." It is a very pretty pastime, this of playing with human hearts, and not infrequently affords a foolish husband—who happens to be "almost damned in a fair wife"—much amusement. It flatters his vanity to see others "sighing like a furnace"—or pretending to—for the property in his possession. Madame's "conquests" are chuckled over, and she is tacitly encouraged to "mash." Such a woman, wedded to so weak a man, will not go far ere she finds a worthier master—is caught in a web of her own weaving; the liaison is discovered, and there is another appeal to the "unwritten law." Thousands of well-meaning women, yet with all the sexual ferocity of a Valeria Messalina beating in their blood, are married but not mated—and Judge Falconer himself informs us that "though human laws may regulate human nature, they cannot control nature's whirlwinds." What then? Has nature no whirlwinds but those of wrath? Is anger the one only thing capable of producing "a condition of mental irresponsibility" during which one cannot be held accountable by the courts? Many wives are so grossly neglected by their husbands that the holy flame which once burned so brightly on the altar of Love mounts no more—and the turnpike to perdition is paved with the ashes of loves that are dead. Doubtless this "unwritten law" will long continue operative,

but I move that it be so amended that the worthy wife will be required to shoot the bustle off the libidinous old heifer who wrecks her home. Judge Falconer assures us that "the relations of man and wife are warning to all the world that third parties interfere at their peril;" but he does not tell us what third party's interference caused the trouble adjudicated in his court. Mrs. Harris was the mother of two children, proof positive that she had reached the age of discretion. That she was employed as copyist by Mr. Merritt argues that she was not altogether an idiot. We will suppose that her employer was also married and the father of a family: Now did she attempt to "wean" his love away from his wife, or he attempt to "wean" her love away from her husband? Who inaugurated the flirtation which developed into amorous dalliance? If the man, the injured husband is avenged; if the woman, what about the injured wife? Her husband's affections were alienated, he was killed, her children were left fatherless and possibly unprovided for—all the work of a disreputable old drab. Harris can, if so disposed, forgive his erring wife—as has become the usual custom in our "best society"—and let Love's young dream flow smoothly on as in days of yore; Mrs. Merritt can also forgive her husband—but he's in his grave. Much as I dislike Breckinridge the hypocrite, I incline to his view that Judge Falconer's decision "is neither good law nor good morals;" and I would add that it is not good sense. It is not good law because it places the life of the average citizen at the mercy of any hoodlum who may be married to a harlot. If Mr. Quickly should slay Sir Walter Raleigh for any reason, he has only to plead that his victim was intimate with his wife, and the old dame would take pride in acknowledging the soft impeachment. It is not good morals, because it relieves woman of the responsibility of protecting her own purity. It is not good sense, because it assumes that the man who will follow where a voluptuous woman leads is an unnatural monster. I am no apologist for the libertine; but I do protest against placing women on the lower level occupied by man, sexually considered. To kill a man for dallying with his neighbor's wife is eminently satisfactory to the husband, but, is no compliment either to the good sense or moral concept of woman-kind. Since the dawn of civilization virtue has constituted her chief charm, the one particular in which she has risen immensely superior to the sterner sex. Had all the harlots of the past sixty centuries been hanged in their swaddling clothes the world would have lost but little; had all the men who have loved women not wisely but too well been so served, history would be a white mark on a snow bank and you couldn't scrape up enough people on the great round globe to make a village as large as Waco. Ancient Israel would have been painfully shy of kings, and the Lord been short several of his "well-beloved." The Tribe of Judah would have been *non est*, we would not have the Proverbs of Solomon, and even the Psalms of David might have been abridged by Uriah's butcher-knife in the boudoir of Bathsheba. We would have no Shakespeare and no—but prithee, let's switch to politics.

A correspondent, who is evidently not an Anglo-maniac, requests the publication of the following lines by Daniel De Foe, himself an Englishman:

Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived,
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns;
The Pict and Painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft and rapine hither brought
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains;
Who, joined with Norman-French, compound the breed,
From whence your "Free-born Englishman" proceed.

JESUS AND JUDAISM.

A CORRESPONDENT takes me sharply to task for saying that Jesus of Nazareth was not the founder of the Christian cult, and pulls scripture on me *ad libitum* to prove that I do but dream. Perchance I did not make my meaning quite clear to the incensed correspondent. The idea I intended to convey was that the Christian church is a non-Jewish organization, and that Christ lived and died in the faith of his forefathers. He seems to have attempted nothing more than a reformation within the existing church, a kind of religious revival. And why should he attempt more? Was not the God of the Jews the founder of their faith? And could the Son be expected to improve on the wisdom of the Sire—and that too while encumbered with an earthly corporeality? Christ's attempted reformation of a church grown corrupt caused dissension, added a sect or schism to those already extant but it was not until sometime after his death that Christianity existed as an entirely independent cult, no longer observing the Jewish law. Thus in 41 A. D. we find Peter proclaiming himself a Jew and requiring a special vision to induce him to do an unlawful act in visiting the Roman Cornelius who had sent to him for instruction. When Christ sent his twelve disciples forth to teach he "commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Christianity soon spread among the Gentiles, however, and it bears internal evidence of having been materially modified by those pagan people. It is not a creation of Christ's, but the result of religious evolution which would, in all probability, have followed much the same lines had he never been born. Should Christ arise from the dead to-day he would bend his steps, not to one of the churches erected in his name, but to the Jewish synagogue. I am not to blame for this fact; I simply record it as I find it. True, the New Testament makes him speak of establishing his church; but the same work likewise makes him entirely subject to the God of the Jews, the author of the Sinaitic law, which was written to endure forever. If he attempted to add to or take from one jot or tittle of that law it became the imperative duty of the Jews to put him to death. No such charge was preferred against him when he was arraigned before Caiaphas the high priest. The latter asked him regarding his doctrine, and he replied: "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them." Yet the worst evidence that could be produced against him was that he had declared himself able to destroy the temple of God and to rebuild it in three days. During his entire ministry the Pharisees and Sadducees watched him narrowly for cause of complaint but appear to have been able to detect no serious departure from Jewish dogma. He seems to have incurred the bitter enmity of the church people of his time, not by questioning the truth of their creed, but by boldly rebuking the hypocrisy of its professors. I incline to the view that had the Iconoclast been in existence then, Judas would have been the only disciple to denounce it.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

"Silver's fall causes a crisis in Mexico; the rise in exchange has reached a point that is considered dangerous!" Such are the startling headlines which the *Globe-Democrat* puts over a dispatch reciting that there has been a sharp decline in the commodity value of silver, and that the foreign indebtedness of Mexico, both principal and interest, is payable in the yellow metal. A correspondent wants to know what I think

about it. I think that a decline in the commercial price of silver is very unfortunate for any country that produces much of that metal, just as a sharp decline in the price of pork would be a hard blow to a country that produces many hogs; simply that and nothing more. It appears to be utterly impossible to beat the idea into certain heads that a country does not discharge its foreign debts with its money, that being solely for domestic use—that it pays them with its products, whether such products be gold or silver bullion, bumble-bee cotton or red corn, beet sugar or soft soap. Mexico is affected by a decline in the commodity value of silver just as the United States would be affected by a decline in the commodity value of corn: She must give more ounces of silver to satisfy a claim for a million gold dollars just as we would have to give more bushels of corn to discharge a similar debt. The "rise in exchange," which so alarms the *G-D.* simply marks the decline in the commercial value of silver bullion and has exactly the same tendency to produce "a dangerous crisis" in our sister republic as would a similar decline in the price of any other of her products of equal commercial importance. The decline in silver has the same tendency to produce "a dangerous crisis" in the United States that is has in Mexico, because we are also large producers of the white metal. Whatever reduces the commercial value of any American product decreases by that much our total wealth and curtails our debt paying power.

* * *

Many years ago, as the story-books say, there lived two brothers named Astor in Heidelberg, Germany. One of these, Johann Jakob by name, came to America and embarked in the fur business in a small way, the capital being loaned him by his brother, who remained in the fatherland. He prospered, and at the time of his death left property valued at \$30,000,000 in coin of the realm. He neglected to repay his brother, but said: "One of these days my rich son will repay you." But the rich son and the richer grandsons and the still richer great-grandsons inadvertently overlooked the obligation. The descendants of Johann Jakob's accommodating brother did not prosper, and finally one family of them came to this country hoping to better their fortune. Old Ludwig Astor, his son Karl and the latter's wife and children live in Jersey City, are poor as poverty and without employment. Old Ludwig called one day at the office of his dear cousin Johann Jakob the present, and asked that he give his son, Karl, employment so that he could support the family. The request was refused. Old Ludwig called again to plead with his rich relative and was arrested. He then wrote him a pathetic letter, which remains unanswered. The aster is a pretty flower, but the New York variety smells too much like the muskrats and other rodents upon which the family fortune is founded. That the original Johann Jakob named his "rich son" William Backhouse Astor argues that he had a reasonably fair conception of the eternal fitness of things. If anybody will start a subscription for the relief of the Jersey City Astors and Russell Sage's Illinois kindred, they may count on the aid of the Iconoclast. I'm willing to share my sowbelly and cornbread with the poor relations of our multi-millionaires. If Bro. Rockefeller and the Vanderbilts have any blood relations in a starving condition they will please send their address to this office and receive by return mail the price of a square meal.

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As I pen this paragraph the cable reports that our ambassadors abroad are asking the various European governments whether they will remain neutral in case Uncle Sam should interfere in the Cuban affairs for the protection of the lives and property of his own citizens, and that said ambassadors are not receiving much encouragement. I sincerely hope that the shameful report is untrue, that this

nation has not yet become so puerile that it must beg permission of Europe to protect its citizens in the western hemisphere. If we can avoid a rupture with Spain without sacrifice of national self-respect and dignity, by all means let us do so; if it is our duty to drive the Spaniard out of Cuba at the point of the bayonet, in God's name let us do that, regardless of the assent or dissent of any potentate or power between heaven and hell. If we must ask Europe's consent to protect the lives of our citizens we had best make a bonfire of our constitution and petition Canada to take us in out of the cold. Let this nation do its duty, regardless of consequences, for we had better all be dead and damned than owe allegiance to a foul rag that is used to polish the cuspidors of European courts.

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Having neither seen nor heard of the *Railway Age* for nine months past, I supposed that it had blown out its breech-pin in the late campaign—that the railway magnates had become weary of supporting a servant that run so much to slobber and so little to sense. But the world is not yet rid of this bad rubbish. Somebody sends me a marked copy—why I know not, unless he imagines that I may take a languid interest in learning that this mangy dog of Dives is puking upon the Iconoclast because it refused to come arunning when Mark Hanna whistled on his fingers. I rather enjoy an artistic "roast," even when I occupy the gridiron; but must be excused from wasting time reading such insufferable rot as that which passes for pasquinades with the ligneous-headed editor of the *Age*. I greatly enjoy, however, reading his political editorials. They are the finest specimens of unconscious humor this world affords. They are more amusing than Aesop's jackass trying to do the lap-dog act, or a country school-marm teaching elocution. The *Age* editor intimates that at his wise suggestion the railway employes elected McKinley and saved the country, that the tidal wave of prosperity is even now rolling mountain-high despite the efforts of the Bryanites to hold it back by the mane. As the *Age* probably never had a paid circulation of 5000 copies, and every self-respecting railway employe would consider it fulsome flattery to apply to it those epithets with which an engineer sometimes regales a balky locomotive, the humor of its egotism approaches the colossal. The *Age* is of, for and by the bondholder and the boss. In its palmy days, when it required at least two flour-sacks to hold an edition and its postage bills rose to \$2 a month, trainmen despised and spit upon it; but they do so no longer—having altogether forgotten its existence. So the *Age* editor, by using his powerful pull with railway employes, elected McKinley, and thus by main strength and awkwardness dragged Uncle Sam back by the coat-tails from the brink of the yawning abyss! Gewhizz! What a pity that is!

* * *

Some of the good people of Olwein, Ia., have requested me to take a fall out of an anonymous correspondent of a little hydrocephalous sheet, published at Des Moines and called *The Commonwealth*, who spews his slime on Father P. S. O'Connor for the alleged awful iniquity of having a case of beer sent to his house. How often must I serve notice that this paper cannot afford to waste space on creatures so vile that they attempt to destroy the reputation of others by means of scandalous screeds which they lack the sand to sign? The man who writes an anonymous communication in which he impeaches the character of others, is sunk so low in the scale of human degradation that one standing on the moral level of a mangy simian could not tangle a fish-hook in his coat-tails with a line a million miles long. The fact that Father O'Connor has incurred the enmity of an anonymous correspondent of such a clabber sheet as *The Commonwealth* is ample certificate of his respectability.

GOING FORWARDS BACKWARDS.

Reformers Who Can't Reform.

I SOMETIMES suspect that we have hitched our mule to the subsequent end of our boasted Car of Progress, and that, with ears and tail erect, the animal is bearing us toward the abyss instead of some celestial abode; also that our so busy reformers are striving desperately to lift themselves over a nine-rail fence by their own boot-straps. I take it upon myself to call a halt in order that we may get our bearings and learn for a surety whither we are bound. It seems to me that we have hypnotized ourselves with this universal cackle of progress, are mistaking shadow for substance and driving blithely to the devil. Conditions, according to trust-worthy report, have already become desperate, our Car of Progress with its Salmoneus thunder rolling, not over the well-paved turnpike to some Beulah-land, but along a pathway of human bones sodden with blood and tears. Desperate, I say; meaning thereby not only that it becomes ever more difficult for the workman to win his modicum of bread and butter, but that honor, religion, patriotism—all things our fathers esteemed as more precious than fine gold—are well-nigh departed; that the social heart is dead as a salt herring, pulsating only with galvanic power; that ail has become brummagem and pinch-beck, leather and pruneila that the curse of sterility has fallen upon the womb of the world and it can no longer produce philosophers, poets, prophets,—heaven inspired men—but only some pitiful simulacra thereof, some worthless succedanea for such, whose object is not to do their God-appointed task tho' the world reward them with a gibbet, but to win wages of gold and grub, to obtain idle praise by empty plausibility, to float like irisate bubble or painted bladders on the highest wave, not of a tempestuous ocean that tries the heart of oak and the hand of iron, but of a pitiful sectarian mud-puddle or political goose-pond. The great men of this generation are not those who bring Promethean fire from beyond the stars, but rather the Vulpine-headed who devise more cunning ways to get fat geese. We have abandoned the Ark of the Covenant, with its Brotherhood of Man, its solemn duties and sacred responsibilities; and are striving to manage matters mundane on a basis of brute selfishness, without a soul or sentiment, a conscience or a creed—except the credo of the Golden Calf.

"Progress," cries the cheerful idiot, alias the optimist; "do look at our wonderful progress!" Aye, I see it—and smell it. Progress may be sure and swift down a soaped plank into wild ocean-depths with a ten-pound shot at the subsequent end of thee for ballast; or it may be with painful steps and slow toward the eternal mountain-tops where breaks the great white light of God, and there is no more of darkness and of death. Progress mechanical, the industrial unit multiplied by two, by ten; and with such improved weapons for waging war upon the grisly gorgon of Want, nearly nine millions of the Industrial Army in India alone dead upon their shields, and other millions falling! Hosannahs mounting heavenwards (or sinking hellwards) in costly churches here, the starving babe tugging at the empty breast of its dead mother there—while a pious sovereign in her jubilee year contributes one-third of one day's salary for the relief of her suffering subjects and piously mumbles that giving to the poor is lending to the Lord! The earth and elements brought into subjection; all miracles hitherto outmiracled by our wondrous wealth-creating machinery; the very lightnings, that once flamed lawless through the sky, harnessed down by cunning hands and made to toil for man; yet millions even in Ameican, the granary of the world, boasting itself the refuge of the poor and oppressed, unable to do victorious battle with the frost-jotune and hunger-giants—to

win, with all their high endeavor, the blessings of a home! We have actually made such progress in the science of production that half the population of this planet must go hungry. Yet Russell Sage and other multi-millionaires who are doing the dog-in-the-manger act, prate of "over-production!" Men are ragged because they have made too much cloth, hungry because they have produced too much hog and hominy, must live in mean huts because they have sawed too much lumber and made too many bricks—so says Russell Sage and there be people who imagine that a man who accumulates great wealth must necessarily possess common sense. The fact is that the acquisitive faculty is seldom conjoined with a high order of intellect—it is simply an animal instinct which guides its possessor to fresh waters and fat pastures. Daniel Webster, whose colossal intellect might, "like the elements, furnish forth creation," could scarce make both ends meet; but a Russell Sage, his senescent brain rattling in a hickory-nut head, is able to celebrate his 82nd birthday by running a robber "corner" on Manhattan. The "overproduction" theory is about the measure of Sage's mind when he thinks of aught but the personal accumulation of hard cash. Half the world's population are hungry, ragged and wretched because they have been robbed—because the possessors of 5, 50 and 100 million dollar fortunes are impudent thieves who manage to prevent the workingman enjoying the fruits of his toil, who steal the very nozzle off the nursing bottle in the mouth of his babes.

I picked up a copy of *Puck* the other day, one of those would-be humorous papers that give a fellow hay-fever. While I was glancing over its wooden wit and cartoons that had evidently slipped their trolley wire, and wondering if there was anybody outside the insane asylum who could be hired to read it regularly, I found two pages of cheap pictures illustrating the blessings which a generous plutocracy is conferring on the thankless poor. It seems that, thanks to the charity of the American millionaires, a poor devil may obtain almost anything without money and without price, whether it be a soup bone, a dose of pills, an installment of Saving Grace or a collegiate education. It is very easy to be generous with other people's money. It is not charity but justice the American workman wants. Give the toiler his own, and you may dispense with Rockefeller's magnificent monuments to his own sweet memory. Robin Hood, Jesse James and other marauders of that ilk, were somewhat noted for their generosity; but they never pretended that the giving away of a small percentage of their swag transformed them from disreputable footpads into seraphs feathered like the peacock. They didn't have quite so much hypocrisy as Brother Rockefeller and others who manage to appropriate the earnings of better people and steer clear of the catchpoles and penitentiary.

Progress in government, to where the greatest nations cannot, with all its ballot-boxing, torch-light processioning and negro suffrage, so much as govern itself, but is led around by the nose like a foolish cow and systematically milked by foreign Shylocks. Progress in religion until there's no more a divine message from on high, no God in Israel; only fashionable pulpitering to minister to languid minds, the cultivation of fads and the flaunting of fine feathers; else blatant blackguardism by so-called revivalists, who, with the ignorance of an ape united with the presumption of a peddler, set up as teachers of the people—all constituting an ethnic forecourt to Infidelity, and under the supervision of a devil quite up-to-date. Progress in science until we know that spring water is full of baccilli and switch to Prohibition bitters warranted to kill anything but a salamander in an asbestos overcoat; that even the rosebud lip of beauty is aswarm with

microbes flourishing skull and cross-bones, instead of beckoning the sons of men to a nectareous feast fit for the Olympian gods. Progress from the heroics of Homer and the vates'-visions of Dante, to Alfred Austin's milk-sick doggerel, the raucous twittering of grown men who are trying to do the bulbul act instead of harvesting hoop-poles, planting hogs and drawing a fat bacon-rind down the shining blade of a bucksaw; from the flame-sighs of Sappho that breed mutiny in the blood, to the pulseless maunderings of atribilarious females whose-prating of "passion" makes us sea-sick whenever we hear the swish of a petticoat. Progress from presidents like Andrew Jackson, with hearts of hickory, to boneless gran'dams who permit Cuba to be made a reeking slaughter-house at our very doors because her sons, like our own sires, love liberty, deny the divine right of crowned and sceptred vermin on the body politic to rule and rob, have declared that all men shall be equal before the law—permit this work infernal lest, forsooth, they offend certain royal fatheads across the sea who are ever poking their beefy proboscides into Uncle Sam's business. Yes, we have progressed backwards until this country, once the proud habitat of men with iron in their blood, is breeding mugwumps like Senator Palmer, preachers like Coochee-Coochee Parkhurst, Anglomaniacs like Willy Wally Astor, politicians like Boodle Hanna, presidents like McKinley of the sawdust head and miscegenationists like Julian Hawthorne. It is the general consensus of opinion that there's something radically wrong, and there's no lack of remedies. You will find these panaceas, each with the trade-mark of some particular school of therapeutics blown in the bottle, each provided with certificates to its curative powers. "You pays your money and you takes your choice"—homoeopathic free-trade Democracy, allopathic high-tariff Republican, electric Populism, hydropathic Prohibition—and dodge regret as best you may. Strange that all these catholicans for earthly ills propose to inaugurate a new and greater Saturian age by improving the pecuniary condition of certain people—as tho' the scarcity of money in this or the other pocket were the one only evil. Certainly a better distribution of wealth were desirable, but a distribution of God's Grace were far preferable. Given that, all other worthy reforms will follow; without it we simply chase this or the other ignis-fatuus to our fall. I do not mean that we shall solve the Sphinx-riddle by acquiring a case of the camp-meeting jerks, by seeking sanctuary from the minatory monster in the amen-corner. Not exactly; the average church is about the last thing to which we need look for relief. I have noticed that shouting hosannahs has no tendency to make one more truthful in a horse-trade—that when a man confesses himself the chief of sinners he may feel obligated to substantiate his testimony. I have never yet known a man to borrow any money at the bank on the unctuousness of his amen; but I am acquainted with people who weep real water because I refuse to come within their religious pen-fold who can beat the devil himself at dodging an honest debt. There's Bro. W. O. Baker of Burnett, Tex., for instance, whose holy zeal once led him to preach against the Iconoclast at Liberty Hill—and the echoes of his fine scorn had scarce faded out of the atmosphere before his past-due promissory note for something like a hundred dollars was offered me for a year's subscription to the paper he had denounced. It is needless to say that the note is not in my possession—I'm playing no 100-to-1 shots on Baptist preachers. Were I in the habit of purchasing gold bricks and other such property I might have in my ash-barrel a great deal of the past-due paper of people who are powerful in prayer. To save tedious correspondence I will remark, *en passant*, that people who desire to make me a present of accounts against Rev. Sam Small will be required to prepay the postage. Some people may imagine that a preacher who doesn't pay his debts is worse than

a foot-pad, as he adds lying and hypocrisy to despoilation; but, like Bobby Burns, my heart is so full of charity that I'm even inclined to apologize for the devil. It's possible that a majority of our-ripsnortin' sensational revivalists are so busy trying to seduce halfwit "sisters" that they actually forget their commercial obligations. Many preachers make an honest effort to live faithfully up to their professions, and such are the salt of the earth, but I much fear that the church is a trifle short of chloride of sodium. If all professing Christians were Christlike the millenium would hit the earth within four-and-twenty hours; but we have too many serving God solely for the long green. One atheistical Stephen Girard playing Good Samaritan in a plague-swept city; one deistical Tom Paine braving the guillotine for the rights of man; one Father Damien laying down his life for the lepers in Molokai; one Sister of Charity bravely battling with the reeking slums of a great city, were worth a billion sanctified windbags prating of "sacrificing all for Jesus," yet who never risk life or gold in the service of their God.

"*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship," cried the old monks, those brave souls who carried the cross around the world as advance guard of civilization, despite all hardships, in defiance of all dangers—men for whom life was no Parisian masquerade, but "a battle and a march." Work is worship. Aye, when a Pere Marquette or a Father Damien does it for other's sake, cheerfully accepting disease and death as worldly wages; but wind-jamming by a sleek jackassicus, with eye in fine frenzy rolling towards the fodder rack, is not calculated to make heaven rejoice. The old monks were *real* men, with a touch of the berserker in their blood, caring for naught but victory over the powers of darkness and the devil, standing at their posts like Roman sentinels tho' the earth rocked beneath their feet and the heavens rained fire. *Real* men, whatsoever their religion or race, their education, occupation or intellect; the men who glory in their work regardless of reward, are ever the world's heroes and its hope. Milton has almost made Satan respectable, has well-nigh hallowed his work of wickedness by endowing him with all infernal heroism, by making him altogether and irremediably bad instead of a moral mugwump,—by picturing him with a heart of any fate instead of painting him as "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike." By God's grace I mean not the kind you catch at one of Sam Jones' minstrel shows—given as excuse for passing the contribution plate, with invitation extended the sons of Belial to "spit in it" if they can do no better; not the so-called "gifts of the Holy Ghost" that make a woman want to swing her sunbonnet, holler with her mouth open, hug all the brethren and chew the nether lip of the preacher; but rather an end everlasting to brummagem and make-believe; a return to the Ark of the Covenant; a recognition of the fact that the soul is *not* the stomach—that man owes to his fellows debts which cannot be cast up at the end of each month and fully discharged with a given number of dollars. You may preach reform of this and teach reform of that until nightmares plow corn and senators earn their salaries; but we must have reform of *men* before we can have any other reform whatsoever worth the price of the parchment. You can no more extract wisdom from folly or justice from knavery than you can distill blood from turnips or God's Grace from amen groans. Our ideals are all wrong—we're going forwards backwards and if somebody doesn't head us off we'll soon find hades to pay and the bank broke. Palaces and jewels and costly raiment and monies and lands—these be thy gods, O Israel—mere fly-specked eidolons, false teraphim worthy no man's worship. They must be cast down from their high places, and Faith, Hope and Char-

ity—triumph transcendent—grace our altars ere man learns that

“— because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.”

Diogenes was content with a tub, while Alexander sat down by the ever-moaning sea and wept his red bandana full of brine because Cristoforo Colombo had not yet come to enlarge his knowledge of geography, to intimate that the Christian Amazons of the City Book Store of Emporia, Kas., still remained unconquered and unconquerable. And now both Diogenes and Alexander are dead,—“gone glimmering through the dream of things that were”—and little it matters to them or to us whether they fed on honey of Hymettus and wine of Falernus, or ate humble pie with a knife and guzzled moonshine whisky out of a gourd—whether they dined at Delmonico's or worked the farmer's wife for a cold potato and absorbed it in the fence-corner. The cynic who housed in a discarded soap-suds receptacle and clothed himself in second-hand cotton-bagging is rich to-day as he that reveled in the spoils of Persia's conquered king and kicked the bucket by trying to shoot out the bar-room lights while carrying a “load.” The mold of either may stop a crack in a colored Republican's cabin to keep the wind away; but the life, the soul, no longer chained to this paltry *me*, “uncumber'd wantons in the Force of All.” King and cynic, tub and palace, lantern and sceptre, all have perished; and he that butchered thousands to glut his greed for what fools call glory shines no brighter through the murky shadow of the centuries than he that made a worthier conquest of himself. The haughty empires Alexander reared have long since crumbled into dust; the wild goat browses in their deserted capitals, the lizard sleeps upon the broken thrones and the jackal slinks about the forgotten altars and ruined fanes. Even the land that boasts his birth hath become an appanage of the barbarous Ottomite—stands, like “the Niobe of nations,”

“An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;”

but the philosophy of the other lives on from age to age to point the folly of such mad violence as that of Philip's imperious son, who sought to make the world his monument, yet sleeps in a nameless sepulchre.

And you, who are neither Diogenes nor Alexander, what strive ye for? It is said that one eternity waited for you to be born, that another is watching to see what you will do now that you are here. And can't do naught better than burn incense at Mammon's shrine, attire thyself in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day? Is that the work for which one eternity waited, for which another is watching? Know ye not that the poorest beggar, sleeping in hedges and living on “handouts” is an earth passenger also and thy brother, traveling his hundreds of millions of miles per annum—where think you? Among the stars—circumnavigating the sun! For him as for thee does Aurora gild the east and Apollo hang the western sky with banners of burnished gold; for him as for thee does Luna draw the limpid waters around a rolling world and “Bootes lead his hunting dogs afield in their leash of sidereal fire:” for him as for thee have heroes set their breasts against the bayonet and Christ given up the ghost on Calvary. If you do but *accumulate* and do not *create*, then are you an object more pitiable than the beggar, for the toilers must suffer the cost of both your keep, and he is content with crumbs and cast clothes, draws from the general fund only to consume and not to hoard—is only a pitiful nuisance while you are an insufferable curse. What would I have thee do? Even the work that liest next thy hand. Cast thy petty ambition and paltry pride to the dogs and do *something* to honestly earn the grave in which thou shalt sleep so long, forgotten of men—something quite other than hoarding

the treasure of others for thine own pusillanimous posterity, and, like the foolish peacock, displaying thy rich plumage on dress-parade, injecting notes of dissonance into the divine harmony through the opening in thy head. Wait not until a man be driven to crime by the iron law of necessity, a woman to dishonor, a child to beggary, then organize some fake relief expedition for thine own glory; but extend a helping hand in time to avert the sin and shame. True, there is more joy in heaven over one sinner saved than over ninety-and-nine who had not gone all the gaits; but you are not expected to push people into the sea that you may throw them a life-line and tickle a lot of hermaphroditical angels by exhibiting them as salvage. Your shoulders are broad and strong; let the weaker fall in behind thee and be shielded somewhat by thy strength. The soldier strikes not in his own defense but for the honor of his flag, in defense of those who cannot fight; strike thou, not for the promotion of thine own selfish purpose, but for the honor of thy race, in the name of those who falter and fall in the grim warfare against Want. The noblest success this world can boast is the man who creates wealth and uses it wisely and well—he is the hero of the industrial war, the leader of the host and champion of the helpless; the most pitiful of all failures is the man who succeeds only in making money, who bows himself to the dust before the work of his own hands. A thieving fox will fatten where an honest dog will starve to death, will live at ease where the other is scarred with wounds; and we have too many sleek Reynards nosing about the sheep-pens and dove-cotes of the people, too few faithful Gelerts doing stubborn battle with predaceous beasts.

When we have altered our ideals; when success is no longer a synonym for vain show; when the man of millions who toils and moils for more is considered mad; when we learn that all the precious metals of Plutus cannot equal the splendor of the sunset sky beneath which the poorest trudge, the astral fire that flames at night's high noon above the meanest hut; that wealth can not recall one wasted hour, restore youthful strength, or bid the loved and lost return to regale us with the music of their laughter; that the “almighty dollar” is lord only of the brute in man, good only to protect him from the weather and fill his belly; when we have ceased chasing foolish bubbles through the Serbonian bogs of Make-Believe and become real men and women instead of simpering puppets wound up by stale custom to cut fantastic capers before high heaven, then may we throw our social drugshop with its panaceas to the dogs. We must learn that “it is not by money or money's worth that man has his being;” that “there is a God's universe within our head, whether there be a torn skull-cap or a king's diadem without.” The chief trouble with this nation is not too much or too little tariff, but rather too much artificiality and plausibility—too much of that silver-spoon pseudo-respectability which felt itself degraded by association with Bobby Burns, tolerated Shakespeare and “patronized Providence.” A thorough-paced rascal—Satan himself with his principles frankly declared and faithfully adhered to—were preferable to one of your good God good devil fellows, your moral mugwump and intellectual hybrid who is neither cold nor hot. “Glorious, heroic, fruitful for all Time,” says the philosopher, “is the constant speaker and doer of Truth. If no such is to be vouchsafed us, let us at least have the melancholy pleasure of beholding a decided Liar.”

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CREDIT AND PRICES.

I WILL have to mix it a little with A. J. Utely, who writes a very curious article for the July *Arena*, in which he attempts to demonstrate that the contraction or expansion of credit has no effect upon the level of prices. Mr. Utely is evidently a close student of economics, but has succeeded in arguing himself into some very glaring absurdities. As the questions with which he deals are important, I will state his premises and conclusions briefly and endeavor to steer him out of the logical labyrinth in which he has become lost.

Mr. Utely accepts the quantitative theory of money, approved by most economists since Adam Smith, and which assumes that, other things being equal, prices rise or fall in consonance with the expansion or contraction of the exchange media in circulation; he agrees with the standard authors that the value—the purchasing power—of money does not depend upon the intrinsic qualities of the materials of which it is made, but upon the effective supply relative to the money-work to be done; that whatever is generally recognized by the people as an exchange medium is money; he quotes with approval the view of John Stuart Mill that even inconvertible paper will act on prices; denies that gold and silver alone possess this power, and cites the period of the civil war when, with little coin in the country, prices ranged phenomenally high; then, while admitting that bank checks, bills of exchange, etc., do money-work, declares that neither these nor any other class of credit can possibly have any effect on prices. He adds: "From the time a bill is drawn until finally paid an amount of money equal to the demand of the bill must be held out of circulation for its payment. It adds nothing to the circulation, and in no sense does it constitute a part of the circulating medium." Further on he says: "The most conservative estimates place the national, municipal, corporate and individual debts in the United States at \$30,000,000,000. The secretary of the treasury estimates the amount of money in circulation at \$1,600,000,000. There is not in fact one third the amount available for use."

This puts us face to face with a perplexing problem: With less than one-third of \$1,600,000,000 available for use, how do we manage to hold out of circulation an amount equal to the bank checks, bills, etc., floating about? And how does it happen that more than 90 per cent of all bank receipts are in checks and bills of exchange? According to Mr. Utely, America is holding out of circulation to meet its floating bank paper a good deal more money than any two nations in this world have got! Men who learn political economy altogether from books are quite apt to fall into ludicrous errors. It is not true that from the time a bill is drawn until it is paid a corresponding amount of money is withheld from circulation, any more than it is true that government keeps a gold dollar in the treasury for the redemption of every outstanding paper dollar. With his nose deep in the dust of his library, Mr. Utely is unable to see how we manage to make a check or bill of exchange good without locking up sufficient money to meet it on demand, and concludes that such is the practice of commerce; but it isn't. Thousands of others harbor the same hallucination—imagine that 70,000,000 people transact all their business with a currency which Utely estimates at less than \$7 per capita. We have almost quit doing business with the dollar, have made the banks our exchange medium. "But," they cry, "you cannot check money out of a bank unless you put money in." Good sirs, we neither put money in the bank nor check it out except in trifling transactions; we simply loan our property to the bank in a specified amount, and it is transferred from one to another on our order by the banker's book-keeper. Let us see if Mr. Utely be correct in the assump-

tion that checks, drafts, etc., add nothing to the volume of the effective exchange media: I sell 100 bales of cotton at \$50 each and am paid with a check as a matter of course; but instead of drawing the money and hiding it in a rusty stove-pipe, I have the cash value of the cotton passed to my credit. I owe Mr. Mann a \$50 stallion fee and give him my check therefor. Instead of cashing it, Waco's *arbiter elegantiarum* places it on deposit. He owes Col. Parrott \$50 for services rendered, gives him a check for same, and all the latter receives for it is a brace of crooked marks in his bank book. Col. Parrott owes Judge Clark \$50 on account, and gives him a check in that amount, which the latter transfers to Mr. Dupree to help establish a genealogical institute for the benefit of North Carolinians who aspire to shine in Waco society. The latter makes it payable to a St. Louis jewelry firm,—perhaps—the latter deposits it, and it is passed to the account of the bank on which it is drawn. Not one of these checks has moved a dollar of money. None of us need money unless we are confronted by the contribution box, get into a two-bit poker game or want to buy the beer. I really placed my 100 bales of cotton with my banker, and then transferred one bale to my creditor, who passed it on in the discharge of his obligation to another. And the other 99 bales: Does the banker keep them corded up, metaphorically speaking, awaiting my order? Certainly not. He knows about how much money, or rather how much wealth, he will be made custodian of each month, and about how much he will have to return, and the surplus is loaned,—passed to the credit of others for a consideration. This system of exchange is practised throughout the civilized world. Cities and states and nations effect their exchanges just as do individuals—employ the banks as a medium for the transfer of commodities. Mr. Utely says:

Suppose that every dollar now claimed to be in circulation in the United States should be withdrawn from the channels of trade: Prices would fall; would, in fact, be completely annihilated.

It would certainly demoralize business, but could not annihilate prices. People would still require clothing and food and fuel; to secure them exchanges would have to be effected in some manner, even tho' by primitive barter, and where there is exchange there must be exchange value. The farmer would not give away his surplus pork and potatoes because there was no money in the country; he would trade them for sugar and soap. The withdrawal of all our governmental money would be very bad for business, because we require a universally recognized exchange medium for our smaller transactions, and because it would deprive us of our unit of value. It would be like taking the yard measure from the cloth merchant. It would indeed be an awkward predicament; but what would happen if, instead of abolishing our governmental money, we abolished all our banks, eliminated from circulation the non-governmental paper now doing 95 per cent. of our money-work, destroyed all credit and came squarely down to that chief desideratum of so many forks-of-the-creek economists, a "cash basis?" That would be a rather awkward situation also. Every dollar would have to do the work of twenty, and—granting the correctness of the quantitative theory of money—would have twenty times the purchasing power it now possesses. In other words, prices would fall so enormously that a commodity which now sells for a dollar would bring but a nickel. Our 75 billions of wealth would shrink to less than 4 billions, but our 30 billions of debt would show no decrease. That would look something like the "repudiation" we heard about in the recent campaign—would, I opine, be more serious than being reduced to the necessity of barter. One of Mr. Utely's arguments against credit as a factor in price is unique enough to have been picked up at some country lyceum in Kansas. He says in substance:

One of the most familiar illustrations given by those who contend that credit will raise the general level of prices is that of a man entering the market to buy cotton. They say that if he buys \$5,000 worth for cash and \$5,000 worth on credit, the second purchase will tend to advance the price in the same manner and to the same extent that the cash purchase did. Let us suppose that he purchased the second lot on 90 days' time: At the end of 90 days he must pay for it. If he draws the \$5,000 with which to pay this debt from money invested in the cotton trade, such withdrawal will tend to depress the price of that staple to the extent that it was stimulated by the credit. The withdrawal of that sum from some other industry will tend to depress prices in the industry from which it is withdrawn, and the general level will remain unaltered.

Men buy cotton (real, not speculative,) for one of two purposes: to use or to sell. If the man in question bought for the former purpose we may expect him to pay for his purchase with the product of his mill; if for the latter, it is reasonable to suppose that he will sell in time to discharge his debt. In either case he pays for the cotton with the cotton itself, maintains his credit and his credit is a portion of his working capital. Let us say that I require two cars of book paper for this issue of the Iconoclast, and that I have only money with which to pay for one: If I have no credit I can use but one car-load, the effective demand for book paper is contracted that much and has a tendency to lower the price; but if I can secure the extra car on credit, I use it, sell it, pay for it and make a profit. It is true that this credit, while enhancing my effective capital, adds nothing to the general stock, for I but borrow from the general stock with which to conduct my business; but it makes capital more effective by providing a profitable market for two cars of paper where only one could have been otherwise used, increases the effective demand for a product and thereby stiffens the price. Nor is this all: The extra car of paper which credit enables me to purchase must be made. It must be printed, mailed, and distributed by the postal department. This means more employment for labor, with a consequent tendency to a higher wage rate, and the wage rate is an important factor in determining "the level of prices." It means more people with purchasing power, greater consumption of general products, with a tendency to enhance prices. Of course it may be urged that in borrowing capital to use in my business I prevent the owner employing it in some other enterprise where it would have a similar effect on price—that my credit simply makes a hole to raise a hill, and the general level remains unaltered; but let us turn the plank around and look at it from the other end. Suppose that instead of having too little capital I have double what my business requires: Of course I could employ the surplus in new industries; but I find that to give them the personal attention necessary to make them profitable I must relinquish my present business. Clearly I must either lock my surplus capital up or loan it. Naturally, I decide to do the latter, and the result is that my capital has double the effective power that it possessed before. Many prosperous farmers and professional men are so situated—must loan the surplus or allow it to remain idle. Men become wealthy and do not wish to be longer burthened with business—somebody must take their capital and employ it. There is something like 2 billions in the American savings banks, the property of 5 million depositors. The employment, the continued purchasing power of many of those people, their efficient demand for the products of others and its inevitable effect on prices, depends upon the loan of their capital: yet Mr. Utely writes a dozen pages to "prove" that credit has no effect upon prices!

Abolish credit and the country would go to the bowwows. I do not mean by this that debt is a blessing by itself considered, or that every man who borrows a dollar is a public benefactor; but that without credit, with the counting and transfer of cash with every transaction, our exchanges could not

be so expeditiously effected; that it makes it possible to employ all our capital, and that to its fullest capacity. If we transact but 5 per cent of our business with 2 billions of governmental money, how much would it require to enable us to transact it all by that medium? Evidently twenty times as much, or some 40 billion dollars—a fact for the careful consideration of all who believe that our every dollar should be intrinsically worth 100 cents else have such a coin behind it! Money, of whatsoever made, must be paid for by the people employing it, just as they pay for all other trade tools; hence one-half of the national wealth would not suffice to provide us with a gold and silver currency equal to our needs if we eliminate credit. But credit, like many other good things, is badly abused. Capital taxes production and exchange too heavily for its help, takes too large a toll. A very small fraction of the 30 millions of American indebtedness is in low interest-bearing bonds. Some of it costs 10 per cent a month, while probably 7 per cent. per annum is not far from the general average. That means an interest charge of more than 2 billions a year, or about \$150 for every actual wealth-producer, to which must be added the cost of an extravagant government, the maintenance of schools for both embryo philosophers and incipient idiots, pensions to men who ruptured their conscience dodging the draft, churches in which goose-headed gentry preach Prohibition and other brands of politics, rent to descendants of rat-catchers whose holdings have become valuable through the industry of others, profits to middlemen and monopolists—every penny of which must, directly or indirectly, come from Labor's thin purse. Is it any wonder that the American workingman is poor! It has been urged that I am inconsistent in advocating the free coinage of silver, in urging an increase in the volume of governmental money, while pointing out that the bulk of the nation's business is done with a commercial currency having for basis, not a few buckets of gold and bushels of silver, but the wealth and credit of the people. It is quite true that our system of bank transfers is being steadily perfected, making governmental money of ever less importance as an exchange medium; but this does not reduce the currency question to a demagogical nonentity, and for the very simple reason that the governmental dollar remains our measure of value, 5 per cent. of our exchanges are still effected with it, and it is "the little leaven that leavens the whole lump." So long as the dollar remains our unit of value, through law or custom, and we are compelled to transact a portion of our business with it, the quantitative theory applies as forcibly as tho we had no other exchange medium. So long as there remains an amount of work, be it large or be it small, which only the actual dollar can do, the currency question must remain one of very considerable importance. As wealth-creating machinery is perfected the wages of labor affect less and less the cost of production; but so long as we must have men to manage our machines and there remains considerable work which can only be done by hand, it matters a great deal whether the *entrepreneur* can secure a full complement of help. The purchasing power of our generally accepted unit of value is governed by the supply relative to the demand, whether that demand be large or small, for a few millions or for many billions, and as it rises or falls all checks, drafts, etc., must of necessity do the same, just as when the value of gold rises or falls all paper money based thereon must follow suit; hence it is important that we prevent undue appreciation of our "money of final payment" by an arbitrary reduction of its volume while its legitimate money-work is actually increasing altho' it may be relatively decreasing.

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A CAMPBELLITE FAMA CLAMOSA.

Rev. Granville Jones Confesses a Forgery.

IT WILL be remembered by Christians—or Campbellites as they are sometimes called, not derisively, but as a sect designation—that in the July Iconoclast I printed a letter from Miss Jennie M. Howell, of Tillman, Fla., asserting that Rev. Granville Jones, while pastor of a church at Austin, Texas, having failed in an attempt upon her virtue, tried to silence her by means of a scandalous lie contained in a forged letter. The young woman pleaded that she was poor and unprotected, appealed to the Iconoclast to place her in a proper light before the public, and named as references a number of Texas people of good reputation. I wrote to her references, and they replied that she was a worthy young woman whose statements I could depend upon. I thereupon published such portions of her letter as I deemed advisable. I refrained from comment, simply stating that the complainant had furnished satisfactory references, and that I gave her a hearing in her own behalf. In a few days I received a letter from Jones, dated Manor, Texas, asking for space in which to reply to Miss Howell's statement. I answered that space in this paper equal to that used by complainant was at his disposal. I notified him, however, that before publishing Miss Howell's letter I had made some inquiries, and responsible people had certified to the correctness of its contents. Up to the present hour I have heard nothing further from the preacher. Whether he means by silence to give consent is none of my concern. The incident had passed from my mind, but was recently recalled by a second letter from Miss Howell, calling attention to a virulent erudition by a Dallas paper called the *Christian Courier*, and edited by one Rev. W. K. Homan. I was unable to secure a copy of the *Courier* in Waco or of the Dallas newsdealers, could find no one who had ever heard of the sheet, and began to think Miss Howell must be mistaken, that there was no such paper published. However, a letter addressed to Homan with money enclosed, brought in return a copy of the so-called *Christian Courier*, and I have the interesting affair now before me. It seems a brutal shame to strike so weak a thing, to drag an intellectual infant out of its obscurity by the ear and spank the basement out of its little pantalettes in the presence of a million people; but David's wisest son warns us that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, and more in sorrow than in anger I undertake my disagreeable duty. Jones appears to have retained Homan as attorney to secure his acquittal at the bar of public opinion, and he labors at the task through three tedious columns, adopting the same tactics that he employed in the chicken-courts before receiving a "call to preach." I have never presumed to judge the defendant, nor shall I do so now—not being a Baptist preacher proper, Jones is beyond my jurisdiction; but I am frank to confess that were the case being tried in a criminal court, and Lawyer-Precacher Homan's article constituted his sole evidence and argument, I would, if a member of the jury, cheerfully vote to give both counsel and his client nine-and-thirty lashes well laid on and ten minutes in which to leave the town. To an unprejudiced mind, Homan comes nearer proving Jones guilty than does Miss Howell. The latter is, as I understand it, the daughter of a Christian preacher in reduced circumstances, and has to earn her own livelihood. She is about 18 years old, motherless, rather pretty and very modest. Her father removed to Florida, but not having sufficient funds to pay his daughter's fare, left her with a respectable family in Austin and requested Jones to secure for her a situation. According to her story Jones called for her about six o'clock one autumn evening and carried her in his buggy to the residence of a lady in

the suburbs of the city, where he recommended her as a worthy young woman, and she was offered and accepted a situation. On the return trip, according to her story, Jones made to her a highly improper proposal, and she attempted to leave the vehicle, but he restrained her by force. Fearing that she might complain of him to the church authorities—or the police—Jones wrote an anonymous letter to himself in which she was declared to be a woman of bad character. Having no mother in whom to confide, she made the Christian woman with whom she resided her confidant. The matter having obtained publicity, an investigation was ordered by the elders almost a year thereafter, when she was no longer in the city, but had joined her father in Florida. She received no notification to be present at the investigation, and could not have complied had she received it, as she was poor and no provision was made by the church for her expenses. Her Austin friends having proven that Jones had forged the letter defamatory of her character, he confessed the crime to the committee which whitewashed him. Upon learning of Jones' acquittal and the false light in which the committee had placed her before the public, she asked that the case be re-opened, but this was flatly refused. She then asked that the letter which Jones had confessed to forging be given her, but this request was also denied. This, as I understand it, constitutes Miss Howell's complaint. As I am writing from memory I may not state each particular with legal exactness, but such is the substance. Jones' counsel opens the case in true shyster fashion by indulging in a little holy billingsgate and sanctified blackguardism. He says: "A statement purporting to come from a young lady in Florida has appeared in a low and scurrilous publication at Waco," etc., then broadly intimates that the appearance of aught whatsoever in the publication aforesaid is prima facie evidence of its falsehood. I have frequently noticed that when a chicken-court attorney has no case, when he is retained to defend an infamous rascal against whom the evidence is overwhelming, he's very abusive of the witnesses and counsel for the other side; but when the law and the evidence are in favor of his client he treats the opposition with considerable courtesy. Bro. Homan begins like a lawyer who is "up agin' it." "Purporting to come from a young lady in Florida," is very good. Does he imagine that his client forged that letter also—just to keep his hand in? It is certainly not very complimentary to Rev. Granville Jones that he should beg the privilege of occupying space in "a low and scurrilous publication." As the Iconoclast is now in its seventh volume, and is the only Texas paper good for a judgment in a considerable sum that has never had a single libel suit, I can afford to ignore the coarse epithets of this meek and lowly Christian. The case before the court is not the character of the Iconoclast, but that of Howell vs. Jones, the motherless young girl seeking to earn an honest livelihood, vs. a pretentious Campbellite preacher. Counsel for the defense admits that others besides Miss Howell "are also charging that the committee which investigated the matter acted corruptly." That is indeed passing strange when we remember that such a just man made perfect as Rev. Wilyum Keziah Homan was a member of the committee. Shake not thy gory locks at me—I have preferred no such charge against the Austin areopagus. Who are these "others?" Give us their names that we may judge whether they be sons of Belial or good Campbellites, people of unblemished reputation. How comes it that they question the action of the committee? Upon what do they base the charge of corruption? Is it upon the alleged facts that Miss Howell's notification to attend the trial was misdirected; that provision was made for Jones' expenses and not for those of complainant? that defendant was "acquitted of any intention to injure the young lady" after having confessed that he forged a letter foully slandering her? that it refused to reopen the

case after learning that the only evidence before it damaging to the young lady had been furnished under a grave misapprehension? Why should these people, who appear to be both numerous and respectable, persecute a worthy preacher? I am not a lawyer like Bro. Homan,—skilled in the esoteric art of “making the worse appear the better reason”—but it seems to me that a little information anent these matters might help the public to a correct conclusion. Had the learned Theban dwelt a little on these points instead of snarling at the Iconoclast for giving a motherless girl an opportunity to appeal from the finding of a church committee to the public sense of justice, we might have more confidence in his cause. Homan says that, according to Jones’ testimony before the committee, he carried Miss Howell “in his buggy one evening in the fall or winter to see a sister living in the suburbs” with whom he wanted to secure her a home; that while returning to the city he “requested the young lady, in view of the responsibility he assumed in recommending her, to explain some facts in her history which appeared to him to require explanation;” that “she became offended at this request and attempted to leave the buggy.” Y-e-e-s? That sounds smooth as vaseline; but why did he not ask for this explanation *before* instead of *after* recommending her to the worthy sister in the suburbs? Why did he not question her about it in the presence of his wife, or that of Mrs. Holsapple, with whom the young lady was living? Why did he drive with her into the village “suburbs”—two miles distant—“one evening in fall or winter”—say about 6 o’clock—when night comes so early—and after a visit of unspecified length, bring the subject up at an unknown hour and unnamed place—“in the suburbs?” Was a late hour and a lonely road the proper time and place to question a modest maid about such delicate matters? What does Bro. Walton of Austin, who seems to have been Jones’ leading counsel in the case, think about it? As a cold-blooded proposition, how does it strike the Rev. Spoonen-Dyke Dutcher and Bro. Dillingham? What does Bro. C. McPherson, of the Black Waxy district, think of investigating a young lady’s *affaires d’amour* “In the Gloaming O My Darling”—and “the suburbs?” The fact that, according to Jones’ testimony, “the young lady became offended and tried to leave the buggy,” would indicate that she considered his proceedings at such a time and place quite malapropos. During the 40 years of my fair young life I’ve skalihooped around in the gloaming—and suburbs—quite considerably with handsome young ladies, in buggies built for two; and I’ve held some of ’em in, being an expert driver with one hand; but—they weren’t trying to get out. And I never left any of them at Bro. Holsapple’s house or elsewhere with a case of acute hysterics and undecided whether they wanted a policeman or a dose of rat poison. Bro. Jones seems to have played the jack instead of following suit—out there in the suburbs. It seems to me that Homan must have studied law with as little profit as he has chased tneology, else he would not have permitted so damaging an admission by his client to come before the court. To be sure it does not establish Jones’ guilt; but it does demonstrate that he’s either a Lovelace in everything but that distinguished roue’s graceful tact, or *facile princeps* of dampools; and he can take either horn of the dilemma he likes. Homan admits that neither the young lady nor her father were present at the trial, and complains bitterly that she ignored the committee’s request to “state distinctly the language and acts constituting the insult of which she complained.” He neglects to say, however, whether Miss Howell received this request, or whether it was mailed as per directions furnished by Jones—sent to a town in Texas while she was more than a thousand miles distant. If she did receive it she might certainly be pardoned for declining to enter into the salacious details of what she alleges was a grossly improper proposal. I

insist that it is the solemn duty of the court to warn the prisoner at the bar that his counsel is incompetent to properly conduct the case—that he has hacked around the country so long making Prohibition harangues to a lot of peruna-guzzling rubber-necks that he has forgotten the very little he once knew about law. Homan thus continues to work his man deeper into the mire—while incidentally admitting that the charge of corruption preferred against the committee is pretty well founded: “The committee found that subsequent to the occurrence on which the complaint was made, Bro. Jones in defending himself against the charge, had done wrong in one particular, which wrong he had confessed in his written statement.” Why does not Homan tell us what that one wrong was? Why does he assume to be so frank with the public, yet carefully conceal the fact that it was the forgery of a letter aspersing Miss Howell’s character to which he confessed when (thanks to her friends) he found it impossible to conceal the cowardly crime? Does Rev. Homan consider it his duty to defend forgers in his religious paper and keep them in the pulpit because he used to accept fees to keep them out of the penitentiary? A forgery is simply a falsehood, and a man who will lie for money will steal if he has an opportunity, and the man who will steal will assassinate if he may do so safely. What then must be said of that minister of God who forges a falsehood against the good name of a helpless girl, becomes a foul thief of reputation, the assassin of a human soul! I do not say that such a man is unfit to minister where Bill Homan worships; but I do say that were I the Prince of Darkness I would not permit such a rascal to remain in my dominions, as his society would entail a deeper damnation on my spike-tailed devils. Of course this may sound “low and scurrilous” to the delicate 8x10 ear of the *Courier* editor; but it is

“Sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear”

when compared with the lashings which the old prophets and apostles administered to liars. Is Homan quite sure that Jones committed that one wrong “in defending himself against the charge” of insulting an innocent girl? Elsewhere the *Courier* says that no steps were taken to investigate the matter until the summer of 1896, when “an investigation was demanded by the friends of the complainant,” and that “no definite charges” were preferred even then. Did not Jones forge that letter in the fall of ’95 within a week after the alleged insult?—begin thus early to “cast an anchor to windward?” It appears that J. W. Holsapple wrote Jones, demanding an explanation of his conduct, that the latter replied, and this reply was before the committee. Is Homan quite sure that he does not read into it some things that were not there? After that ride—in the suburbs—and the gloaming—did not Jones set to work to see if he could find something somewhere that could be used to prove that in writing a forged letter to himself he had made a good Yankee guess? Did he not even write to her old teacher asking what reputation she bore—at the age of 12 years? Did he not appeal to parties in a North Texas town, telling his troubles, and pumping them regarding the reputation the girl had borne when she resided there, and receive in return a letter stating that it had *been rumored* that her relations with a former resident of the place had not been all right? Did not Jones exhibit this letter to the committee, and was it not largely on the strength of this *rumor* that he received his coat of white-wash? And did not the purveyors of this rumor afterwards deny that it contained an atom of truth and beg “Sister Jennie’s” pardon? And is not this fact well known to the Rev. Homan? Has not Homan himself declared that Jones was guilty, and that “if the girl were his daughter he would settle it at the muzzle of a shot-gun?” All I know about it is that respectable members of the Christian church inform me that

such is a fact. I learn from the *Courier* that the acquittal of Jones by the sacred smelling committee—complainant and her father being at the time in Florida—was not unanimous. That may signify nothing; but as a rule when the friends of a preacher—by scraping the state—cannot secure a committee that will unanimously acquit him of a charge of too much mulierosity, there's something desperately rotten in Denmark. The brethren much dislike to convict a preacher of scandalous conduct, because it "hurts the church," has a tendency to bring it into contempt. A Waco Campbellite woman once assured me that "we have no right to criticise a preacher no matter what he does." And she's not the only damph—I mean that there are others. It seems hard to prize a smooth, oily tongued preacher loose from the contribution plate just to protect the good name of a working girl—especially if she has gone to Florida and may never come back. Besides, *gil assenti hanno torto*, as King Humberto was wont to remark to me between mouthfuls of macaroni, signifying in Texanese that the absent are not in it. As before observed, I am not passing judgment on the Rev. Granville Jones; I am simply analyzing Homan's evidence and argument. I sincerely hope that Jones is a second Joseph who would tear his ministerial coat-tails off and flee to the mountains of Hepsidam to escape the wiles of a sensuous woman—that he is harmless among the fair sex as Homan himself, who always suggests to my mind one of those infecund hybrid animals that run mostly to ears; but I confess that it seems a little strange that a young woman, highly esteemed by so many worthy people, should falsely prefer a scandalous charge against a preacher so anxious to secure for her the advantages of a Christian home that he carries her two miles into the suburbs on an autumn evening—to ask her if she had ever held improper relations with the opposite sex. What had she to gain by it except unsavory notoriety? An adventuress is liable to elongate the leg of a man of means if he gives her the opportunity, but she will scarce attempt to blackmail any baksheesh out of a village preacher too poor to reach the calsumining department without pecuniary assistance. Homan insists that the whole affair is a conspiracy to remove Bro. Jones from the ministry. If that be true the conspirators should certainly be ashamed of themselves for thus trying to unfrock a self-confessed forger. Five reputable people have assured me that Miss Howell is a good and truthful girl; but even Homan doesn't undertake to say that Jones is incapable of *falsi crimen*—in self-defense. Homan is the only witness for Jones I have yet heard, and his reputation for veracity is at a slight discount in this court. I do not undertake to say that he is constitutionally untruthful; but I do aver that he can give the best all 'round imitation of Ananias of any man I have recently met. He opens his article with two deliberate and malicious falsehoods about the Iconoclast—for which I'll freely forgive him if he can persuade the blessed Savior to do the same. The old scholastics used to say, *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*; which has nothing to do with the falling down of an omnibus, as Bro. Bill might imagine; but signifies rather that when you find one lie in a *Courier* editorial it is safe to assume that the whole thing is a flagrant falsehood.

PRIZE IDIOT OF THE EARTH.

CHICAGO is, in her own terse vernacular, "a hot number." She is great in everything—great in enterprise and anarchy, size and smell, but supremely great in gall. Chicago will never lose anything by neglecting to ask for it, nor be overlooked by any one able to hear a trumpet tooted on the house-top. She is not a modest floweret born to blush unseen, but a blottesque rococo which peals through the illimitable void like a Beardsley pastor. Chi-

cago justly prides herself on never doing anything by halves. When she erects a building she places the sub-cellar in Hong-Kong and the attic among the stars. The "lost Pleiad" was pulled out of position with block-and-tackle because it stood in the way of the top story of a Chicago hotel. When the Windy City concludes that she needs more territory in which to hump herself she extends her corporate line in every direction as far as a carrier pigeon can fly in a day. She is bounded on the east by Lake Michigan and on the west by Hawaii. That's what's the matter with Japan—the Mikado fears that he'll wake up some morning and find Chicago holding a ward election in the portico of his palace. When Chicago puts down a foot she takes up six-and-thirty inches. She gets married in the Autumn to save fuel and divorced in the Spring to economize on ice. When Chicago has a conflagration it is one that can be seen a hundred miles, and when she produces an editor is willing to warrant him the finest specimen of the genus *Damphoolicus* and species *Smart Alecicus* to be found in the wide, wide world. New York imports its leading editors from the South and West, but Chicago makes hers by hand—having learned how to utilize every portion of the hog. After obtaining the meat and lard of the animal she pickles its feet and makes its ears into "souse," its entrails into sausage receptacles and its bristles into brushes; then, not wishing to waste the squeal, he soaks it in her fragrant river over night to give it the proper bouquet and sells it labeled, "Able Editor—Chicago XXX Brand." Chicago's editorial masterpiece now adorns the inner temple of the *Tribune*, and has distinguished himself by taking a tremendous fall out of Texas. The proceedings of the Democratic leaders recently assembled in this city failed to please him, which is indeed unfortunate. It is really too bad that the Texas Democracy, blundering about in its blindness, should have incurred the awful displeasure of a *Tribune* employe—one of old Pappy Medill's half-starved peons. In the course of his belly-aching he moans that Texas has silver dollars to the amount of 40 millions, which "the Waco yahoos" insist shall be reduced in value to \$17,000,000 by unlimited coinage of the white metal, thereby causing a dead loss of \$23,000,000 to the state; that "such is the fool logic which prevails in Texas, inculcated by Billy Bryan"—that "such ignorance and stupidity approach the mental status of the baboon." The Gal-Dal *News*—a two-headed fice that has wagged its tail off too short for decency and worn its tongue to a frazzle fawning on nigger Republicans and stuffed prophets—approves the *Tribune's* argument, while complaining that Illinois produced Billy Bryan, who led the Texas baboons into the bogs despite all its barking. Carlyle says in one of his essays that "in general cases when the brains are out the man will die; but it is a well-known fact in journalistic that a man may not only live, but support wife and children by his labors in this line, years after the brain (if there ever was any) has been completely extracted." A baboon must have some brains else it could not find food; but, according to the distinguished Scotch critic, they are in nowise necessary either to the life or labor of a daily newspaper editor—a proposition which the existence of the *Tribune* and *News* scribblers seems to substantiate. If these cheerful idiots only knew it, the thesis which the one advances and the other indorses has been emphatically denied and abundantly disproved by every political economist of repute for a century past. These pretentious "public educators" deliberately advertise that they are equally as ignorant as old Jaspar, who indignantly denies that the earth circles about the sun. The proposition is so contrary to the universally accepted canons of political economy that had it appeared in a humorous paper it would have been accepted by John Sherman himself as a satire aimed at the monometallists, a coarse pasquil on the Cleveland-McKinley policy. Possibly Bryan

and Texas Democrats "approach the mental status of the baboon;" but I promise to demonstrate beyond the peradventure of a doubt that their Windy City critic and his Gal-Dal echo do not rise to the intellectual altitude of an acephalous louse. I will not accuse them of being destitute of brains; I will simply prove that the two do not possess one single atom of sense: It is a *practical impossibility* to either increase or decrease the cumulative purchasing power of a nation's currency by act of congress; it can only be done by increasing or decreasing the amount of money-work to be done relative to the money available to do it. You may increase or decrease the purchasing power of the *unit of value* by contracting or expanding the volume of currency, but the sum total of purchasing power will remain the same. Reduce a bushel to pecks, the pecks to quarts, the quarts to pints, and you have more measures but neither more nor less measuring capacity. So it is with money: Double the volume and halve the purchasing power of the dollar; halve the volume and double the purchasing power of the dollar. Who says so? Oh, a lot of stupid Texas "baboons" and "Waco yahoos." It happens, however, that some other gibbering simians, among them Locke and Macleod, Mill and McCulloch, Hume and Huskisson, Graham and Gillatin, Ricardo and Fawcett, Jevons and Grey, see fit to agree with them. "What fools these mortals be!"—the *Tribune* and *News* gymnosophists of course excepted. This is the *quantitative* theory of money, approved by every economist of repute, admitted by both monometallists and bimetalists, "gold-bugs" and "silver cranks," which the Chicago idiot is trying to rip up by the roots while the Gal-Dal worshipfully holds the No. 6 thimble which he uses for a hat. You can only take 23 millions or 23 cents from the value, the purchasing power, of our present currency by adding enough new currency to level up this lacuna. You may inflate our currency with paper until it will require a dollar to purchase a paper of pins; but just so long as it is taken in trade the sum total of its purchasing power will remain unimpaired. Prof. Francis A. Walker and other accepted authorities have pointed out that an irredeemable paper currency would have as great purchasing power as gold if it were positively known that it would not be issued in excess of the money needs of the nation. Of course I do not expect the editors of the *Tribune* and *News* to understand these things—as Dr. Samuel Johnson would say, I am bound to find them in reasons but not in brains. I'll give a gold dollar, however, for a photo of the long-eared ass in the *Tribune* office who brays "baboons" at Texans for following the teachings of Mill and Hume—of whom he has evidently not heard. I want it as companion picture to Thompson's colt and the headless rooster in my cabinet of curios. The idea of such an animal wagging its empty gourd at "Billy Bryan" and turning up its flyblown proboscis at the people of Texas! I've got niggers on my ranch who will know more when they are dead than does Chicago's atribilarious product of abiogenesis.

WHAT IS A JINGO?

A NEW YORK trade paper says: "The Iconoclast, a monthly journal afflicted with Anglophobia, appears to have a virulent attack of jingoism also."

Jingoism is an epithet coined by toad-eaters. It is a term of reproach that, under various titles, has been applied by the enemies of this country to every American patriot since our gran'sires appealed from the tyranny of kings to the justice of God and wrote the charter of human liberty with the naked sword. Hancock and Henry, Jefferson and Jay, Washington and Warren were all "jingoes" in their day and generation. When Lincoln was making his first cam-

paign for the presidency the New York press turned loose its billingsgate upon him just as it did on W. J. Bryan. According to the New York *Herald*, he was "a dangerous Agitator," "an ignoramus," "a demagogue"—in other words, a jingo, a man who placed national honor above boodle and would sustain it tho' it meant an effusion of blood. James G. Blaine, the typical American of later times, was sneeringly referred to as "the prince of jingoes," "the champion tail-twister." Blaine was proud of the fact that he was an American sovereign instead of some beery old tub of tallow's most dutiful subject. He believed America the arbiter of her own destiny, not a pitiful appanage of England. He believed that this nation should maintain its every right with firmness and dignity—that it should protect its humblest citizen from wrong and outrage at whatever cost. I would rather be called a jingo, an Aglophobe with Blaine, the Plumed Knight, than an Anglo-maniac with Bayard the boot-lick. Elizabeth, one of those "good queens" of whom England is so proud—probably because it shattered her heart to give up a shilling—was fond of saying that it took nine tailors to make a man. I will not take issue with so eminent an authority on men as Queen Elizabeth; but beg to add that it takes ninety-and-nine Anglomaniacs to make a man, and when made he's but an agglomeration of half-baked mud scraped from a foul sewer—a creature through whom you may stick your finger with as much ease as you can run an awl into oleomargarine.

Who are these Jehushrans that prate of jingoism? They are alleged American sovereigns who use the carpet for a nose-rag and make their coattails the apex of a triangle whenever confronted by anything that wears a coronet, even tho' it be a moral bankrupt and mental miscarriage—people whose ideal man is some foolish forked radish "stuck o'er with titles and hung 'round with strings," anxious to board with a wealthy American wife to avoid honest work. It is those who gamble in fictitious values; whose country is the stock exchange; who suspect that a vigorous foreign policy would knock some of the wind and water out of their bogus securities. It is Dives and his servants—his seneschals and flegmen, his potwollpers and panders in politics, press and pulpit—who would have Uncle Sam enact the role of Uriah Heep: people who consider soul and stomach as synonyms; whose idea of honor is something that can be *eaten*, patriotism a thing that can be made to *pay*, and who find in the jingling of the guinea healing for every hurt. It is those who would sell their country for a plugged copper and throw in their risen Lord as lagniappe who are ever jouring about jingoism and pleading for peace at any price. These unclean harpies of greed and gall have been too long permitted to dominate the government. The result is that the greatest nation known to human history, the sum and crown of things, a country whose flag should be as much respected as were the eagles of imperial Rome, is an object of general insult. If it be rumored that the president is considering the advisability of protecting our citizens in Cuba—is, like Hamlet the hesitater, dawdling between a dynamite explosion and an acute case of psychopathy—all Europe emits a growl and there is talk of rebuking Uncle Sam's "presumption," of standing him on his head in a corner to cool! If the gentleman in the star-bespangled cut-a-way intimates that he may annex a small island or two at the earnest request of the inhabitants, there is more minatory caterwauling in the European courts, the Mikado of Japan gets his pigtail up, the Akhoond of Swat, the Nizam of Nowhere and the Grand Gyasticutus of Jimplecute intimate that they may send a yaller policeman over in a washtub to pull the tail feathers out of the Bird o'Freedom and unscrew its neck if it doesn't crawl humbly back upon its perch and acknowledge itself a buzzard. If a number of Americans are deliberately murdered, as in the Virginius case, we

accept a flippant apology; if they are wrongfully imprisoned we wait until they are starved, shot, hanged or die of blank despair in dungeons foul enough to cause a hog to perish of a broken heart, then humbly beg permission to investigate, report that they are *dead*—and feel that we have discharged our duty!

While watching this country play *cuspidore* for second-class powers that it could pull in twain like a hungry hawk dallying with an angleworm, I sometimes wish that an old-time jingo like Caesar or Sylla was its supreme autocrat for a year or two—just long enough to make nations that amuse themselves by treading on Uncle Sam's coat-tails imagine they had struck an universal earthquake or mistaken a buzz-saw rampant for a feather-bed couchant. Just imagine Gen. Weyler imprisoning and murdering non-combatant Americans in Cuba on suspicion that they sympathized with the insurgents, Japan fuming about Hawaiian annexation, John Bull seriously considering whether we shall be permitted to float our flag over a few mid-Pacific islands, Three-Eyed Billy getting his little Ebenezer up and threatening to go out before breakfast some fine morning and rip the Monroe doctrine up by the roots, if Julius Caesar were in McKinley's seat—75 millions of people and as many billions of wealth at his back! And imagine such a man leaving the nation unprepared for war at a time when it may not long escape serious trouble even by a lickspittle policy—may suddenly find itself confronted by a powerful coalition. And then imagine him sending commissioners to European courts to ask their co-operation in the making of a domestic-currency. But don't try to imagine these things all at once—take them on the installment plan lest you break the main-spring of your imager. A nation is just like an individual: Let it be known that a man will maintain his rights at any cost, that he fears naught on earth but dishonor, and few attempt to impose upon him; let it be known that he will not fight even on compulsion, and the very bootblacks pelt him with spit-balls. In continually crying "peace! peace!" Uncle Sam is but making a bid for insult. The way to insure the blessings of peace is to be prepared for war, ready and willing to maintain our every right with the bayonet if need be. The millennium has not yet dawned, the "parliament of man and federation of the world" lingers in the far future, the sword is still man's court of last resort, and we should shape our policy to suit our surroundings.

It is time that America was assuming her proper place as the chief power of this planet. We owe it to ourselves and to civilization to move forward in the path which Destiny has marked out for us—"like a star unhastening, like a star unrelenting." We should seek by all honorable means the friendship of every nation; but never should we suffer ourselves to be imposed upon by any principality or power that floats a flag in God's atmosphere. There was a time when to be a Roman was greater than to be a king, and the same high honor should pertain to the American sovereign. I want to see the day when in every quarter of the world an insult to Old Glory will be synonymous with suicide; when the simple words, "I am an American citizen," will draw around the speaker a sacred circle at which injustice will stand aghast; when our flag will be feared by every tyrant and fondly loved by all the free; when to those who suffer the oppressor's wrongs it will be a star of hope eternal in the heavens; when the blood of the innocent, whether shed in Cuba or Armenia, in India or Ireland, will cry to the Giant of the Occident for justice, and will not cry in vain.

It should be the mission of America to foster and protect, not to oppress weaker powers; to earn gratitude where Rome won only glory, blessings where England has covered herself with curses. As there must be a chief man in every community, so must there be a nation whose influence is paramount

as a world-power, and makes for or against liberty, justice and law. That proud distinction was once the glory of Greece; it became the grandeur of Rome; it is now the British guinea. The dominant power of the world to-day carries its soul in its purse. Tennyson avers that Britain's sole god is the millionaire. Pounds, shillings and pence constitute John Bull's holy trinity, and international piracy is his established policy. And this vicious example is spreading contagion throughout the world. It is a power almighty for evil, imperils the very civilization it professes to conserve. Civilization cannot long exist on a basis of brute selfishness, the essence of savagery. Man must find other gods than the millionaire, nobler ideals than the almighty dollar. If Columbia can purify herself somewhat of British poison; can "lose for a little her lust of gold, and love of a peace that is full of wrongs and shames;" if she can return to the faith of the fathers and place national honor above life and fortune; if—but how can we expect this, when the lust of gold and love of peace tho' it spell infamy, is steadily growing, when Anglomaniacs have their fingers on the throat of the government!

"There is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last!"

Will it prove so with us? Surely the trend of events is in that direction. We have traversed the circle from freedom and glory to wealth and corruption, and unless there be patriotism enough left in this people to wrest governmental control from those whose "one sole god is the millionaire," barbarism assuredly await us. Even those who love their country, who feel a proper national pride, do not appear to realize that something more is necessary to maintain governmental dignity than Fourth of July orations. They persist in disregarding the advice of the fathers and leave Uncle Sam naked before his enemies. Despite the frequent appearance of storm clouds on our political horizon, we have practically no army, but an indifferent navy, few good coast defenses—are deficient both in munitions of war and the necessary facilities to quickly manufacture them. In his farewell address, while pointing out the danger of an overgrown standing army, Washington cautioned us to ever "keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture." Jefferson cautioned us to maintain "a well-disciplined militia." Scattered from Passamaquoddy Bay to San Diego are 114,000 state militia, white and colored, men and boys, of varying grades of discipline—including more than 1500 generals and staff officers, not half of whom could properly load a toy cannon or hit a flock of barns with a base-ball bat. That, added to our regular army of some 25,000, composed largely of foreigners who take service for "the stuff," and officered chiefly by society swells who could not tell the smell of "villainous salt petre" from the subtle perfume of an old pair o' sox, is what we may have to feed to Germany's 4 1-2 million fighting men. Turkey is called "the Sick Man of the East;" yet Turkey made but one mouthful of Greece, which could put 200,000 trained soldiers in the field at a moment's notice. We can not muster 100,000 men—leaving out the veterans of the civil war who are too old for active service—who would be much superior to an armed mob. Yet according to statistics of the war department we have more than 10 million men physically able to defend the flag. Every man of them should at least be able to handle a musket.

I would suggest that every male American on attaining to the age of 18 years be compelled to undergo careful military training for a period of six months, during which time he be considered as a regular soldier and fed and paid accordingly. At the expiration of his term of service he would be con-

sidered a member of the First Reserve for a period of 10 years, subject to call if needed by his country. At the end of that period he would pass into the Second Reserve, where he would remain until age or other cause disabled him for military duty. After the six months' instruction—which would prove beneficial to most of our young men—the only inconvenience such a system would entail on the citizen would be the necessity of notifying the proper authority whenever he changed his address. Such a system would give us more than 10 million men who would but need to be thrown into regiments and companies and given a baptism of fire to make them equal to the veterans of Europe. And the day may come, when we least expect it, when we will need them in our business. One thing is sure: An enemy is not half so likely to straddle 10 million effective bayonets as he is to monkey with a mob. In this way or some other must we heed the warning, "In time of peace prepare for war." The "balance of power" is no longer a European, but a world problem. As Uncle Sam grows larger and stronger there is a natural tendency on the part of European powers to make common cause against him. That's practical politics. Europe doesn't care a rap about Hawaii; she only objects to our taking it lest we next take Cuba in out of the wet and Canada out of the cold. There's no end to the mischief such a monster might do were he not kept disarmed by enemies at home and terrorized by the growls of enemies abroad. So long as he has neither army nor armament; so long as dancing masters are put in charge of our little military posts; so long as our navy is of the fifth-class and we have neither men to man it nor powder to fight its guns; so long as important naval commands are given to political favorites who could not navigate New York harbor with a tugboat without getting into trouble, Uncle Sam must of necessity sing small—the claws of the eagle are clipped and any monkey may spit in its eye. Some of these days, let us fondly hope, this government, by God's grace, will fall into the hands of men with wit enough to see that the star of empire in its journey west may breed universal war, may set the Old World against the New and compel this nation to fight for its very existence. If history be philosophy teaching by example, Uncle Sam can not begin too soon to set his house in order for what may prove the greatest conflict of all the ages. Destiny is thrusting upon him the wardship of this world, as Napoleon predicted it would, and it is to the interest of Europe in general and of England in particular to delay until the latest possible moment the transference of paramount power to the Western hemisphere.

BARONS VS. BARONS.

FOR many moons past a dozen or so letters a day from Republicans and Demmy-Reps., each bearing in its bosom a pale green postal order or velvety dollar bill, and a vigorous protest couched in unmishtakable English, have insinuated themselves into this sanctum. The pecuniary end of said epistles are carefully filed away for the benefit of the foreign mission fund, while the protests are deposited in the cast iron waste-basket which is kept on the ice-box as a precautionary measure against spontaneous combustion. The complaints of these, my misguided brethren who have followed the Markhanna rainbow into the Serbonian bogs, are many and grievous, but the one that comes to the surface oftenest is that I allude to McKinley as the creature of the tariff barons, while the silver barons were sponsors for my own much beloved Billee Bryan of Nebraska—that it's a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Oh well, even little birds in their nests can not always agree—every blessed birdling wants the worm and tries to spread its mouth widest. Prithee good sirs, unbutton your collars

and let us sit down a moment under the soothing influence of the electric fan and look into this baronial business, not with labored perscrutation and blood-heating partisanship, but with the passive interest that one views a last year's prize fight by means of the vitascope. Selfish old world isn't it?—the purse such a powerful factor in shaping ones political opinions, what he calls his patriotism, the *argumentum ad hominem* gets so near a fellow's heart! Yes, yes; "the smoke of battle has rolled away," as the *Houston Post*, Cypress Switch *Sentinel* and other great moulders of public opinion would say, and we can now see clearly that the tariff barons expected to profit by the election of McKinley, the silver barons by the election of Bryan—that each gave up more or less stuff "for the good of the cause," the salvation of the country. This much is frankly conceded by both sides; and honest confession is good for the soul—granting of course that a politician's got a soul, that he isn't a corporation, with Greed, Gall and Gab constituting the board of directors. But that, as Kunnel Kipling—one of Billy Reedy's poets—would remark in his charming hair-trigger way, is another story. That the tariff barons put up the most dust is doubtless due to the fact that they had most to gain by electing their man. Thus far the two parties of feudal gentry—the Red and White Roses of the late unpleasantness—are on a political and moral parity, each championing the cause which he expected to fill his purse, each doing the "educational" act to further his own interest. That's what we call "practical politics" in this country, the *saute qui peut* principle. Excuse my French; I have to take it out and look at it occasionally to assure myself that it's still there. But we are talking of the war of the barons, with "national honor," "good of the country," and so forth, as bone of contention. We will admit that each contingent of barons was a little worse than the other, just for the sake of argument; but this does not necessarily bring the respective candidates to the same intellectual and moral level. A great deal of money can be legitimately expended in a "campaign of education," in appealing to the reason of the people. To plead that a candidate is ignorant of the methods employed by his managers to secure his election were to brand him a hopeless idiot. I have not heard of a single effort made by Chairman Jones or his representatives to corrupt the ballot, of one man who was offered money to vote for Bryan. On the other hand, Mark Hanna and his representatives bribed the very niggers of Texas, who don't know how to vote anything but the Republican ticket. The presidency was brazenly bought for McKinley, and with his full knowledge and consent, granting of course that he is not a miserable Toomtabard stuffed with straw; but no attempt was made to buy it for Bryan; hence, whatever may be the respective merits or demerits of the silver and tariff barons, we must concede that in the matter of honor and patriotism the Buck-eye suffers sorely by comparison with the Nebraskian—that the pot has good cause to animadvert upon the complexion of its culinary companion. Both the tariff and silver barons frankly admitted that the policy they advocated would redound to their pecuniary profit, but insisted that it would also benefit the whole people. We will not fight this merry war over again this hot weather. I freely concede that the silver barons supported Bryan, and contributed liberally to his campaign fund for no more patriotic reason than that they believed, despite the solemn asservation of all Republicans and Demmy-Reps. to the contrary, that his election would put money in their purse. I say their asservation to the contrary, for they insisted and still insist that free coinage would sink the silver dollar to its bullion value, that we would have a 40 or 50 cent dollar, that Uncle Sam is powerless to raise the value of the white metal; and if this be true it follows as an illative consequence that the peo-

would make no more than his present profit. Of course when they discourse learnedly of the wily silver baron selling Uncle Sam 40 or 50 cents worth of bullion for a dollar they mean a 40 or 50 cent dollar, as otherwise these economic wisecrackers would hang themselves with their own halter—would sprain a kidney and rupture a surcingle leaping from premise to conclusion. But I am not willing to unite with the "sound money" men in thus clearing the silver barons of all suspicion of selfishness, in apotheosizing them as patriots who have only the good of the people at heart. I insist that free coinage would help them by enhancing the price of their product, by making the much-talked of "40-cent dollar" impossible; and that it was a realization of this fact which induced them to support Bryan of Nebraska. I think they had a dim suspicion that whatsoever increases demand has a tendency to enhance price, and vice versa; that they had figured it out that, the law of supply and demand being still unrepealed by any worthy Populist, free coinage of the white metal would mean dearer silver and cheaper gold; that if our \$600,000,000 of "yellow boys" became frightened at their pale-faced brother and went abroad the effect would be to make the gold currency of other nations more redundant, and that a redundant currency means a smaller purchasing power for the unit of value, and approach of the two metals toward a parity. No, gentlemen, you can't convince me that the silver barons are not selfish—that they simply wanted to make a few tons of 40-cent dollars to enable the Democrats to "repudiate their debts."

AS I WAS SAYING.

By M. W. Connolly.

And I said, "Oh years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing.

—Tennyson.

Civilization that has wooed man from savagery, has reached a point when its benefits and blessings are becoming less and less conspicuous and concomitant drawbacks and evils are fast overshadowing them. We have reached the point where a reaction is about to set in as the growth of industrial schools amply demonstrates, and the conversion of colleges into social organizations is conclusive proof. We have been going the pace that kills, in this matter of civilization. We are over-civilized. We have become too artificial, too unhuman, too fictitious. "The march of the human mind is slow," says Burke, but this human mind of ours has been marching for many thousand years, and of late, with modern methods, its pace has been so accelerated as to leave all else behind. For human comfort's sake and for the sake of human happiness we have progressed too far in some things, and in others we have learned too much of what is not so. Were it not for the fact that so much education goes out of the world every year with those who die, and that so much unmitigated and helpless ignorance comes into the world every year with those who are born, we would long ago have educated humanity out of existence. If the knowledge obtained from the books or schools was valuable or useful or true, it would be less intolerable, but much of it is foolish and much of it is false. Among all of God's creatures there is none more pathetic and helpless than a highly educated man. Without money he is no more fit for this world than a fish is for mountain climbing. Conscious of his own attainments and of the relative shortcomings of his fellows, he is too proud to serve and too poor to live to himself. His very existence is supererogatory. Reared in the affluence and idleness of our modern colleges he considers contact with the seamy side of life a torture and all forms of labor degrading. He will not perform manual labor, excepting when he is sent to the penitentiary, because he imagines that he "just can't stand it," and because he must pamper his habits of laziness which he mistakes for dignity. Before the "educated gentleman" may stoop to the performance of manual labor, he must leave the community in which he is known. If he robbed a street car, forged checks, or

secured money by any sort of swindling, his reputation would suffer less than it would were he to dig a ditch, carry in coal or sweep out an office. He must expatriate himself and deny himself before men. He is out of harmony with the world about him. He has been elaborately unfitted for life. He has been made a past grand master in the art, of not knowing how to do anything. He must make a living at something "respectable," when he fails in this, as he often does, he must sink among the proletariat who struggle with the rude realities and who must engage in physical conflict with the nescient crassitudes. Such a man is to be pitied. He has a right to raise his voice in protest against society for disqualifying him, by education, for the duties of ordinary life, and for qualifying him for a sphere of life in which he may not enter. Our colleges are turning out thousands of highly educated young men every year whose diplomas will be a hindrance to them in the struggle of life. We have "over-cropped ourselves" with scholars. They are a drug on the market. There is a ghostly sort of comfort in the reflection that the Germans are worse off than we are in this respect. Some of their best scholars literally starve to death. Whether or not an educated man is more highly sensitized than others or that he is merely foolishly proud and insufferably indolent, the fact remains that not one of every hundred will perform manual labor. They believe that labor is a curse inflicted upon Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The Bible says nothing of the kind and practical experience proves that labor is a pleasure and a blessing when it stops short of drudgery.

There are other over-educated people who escape the penalties of poverty only to find themselves so sublimated and airy as to float above the heads of their fellows and beyond the reach of the practical and useful things of life. These transcendentalists affect fads of all sorts. They are theosophists, spiritualists, monists, evangelists of ethical culture, prophets of the esoteric, hireophants of the unapprehendable, expounders of mysticism, expositors of the obscure and fuliginous, ominous and dark-plumed birds indulging in a sort of intellectual noctivagation, imagining the while that they are dissipating the darkness from the caverns of research with the incandescent glare of their lamps of knowledge. Reading after these superlatively spectacular epileptoids gives one a pain in the lumbar regions and excites the cerebellum to mutiny. Their learned idiosyncrasies are protean, their idiocies are innumerable. The disparity between the ease with which they convince themselves, and the difficulty which they find in convincing any one else gives one a tolerably fair idea of infinity. They can give a lucid explanation of anything in the world excepting the one question: "How do you know?" They can tell you when and where your last incarnation occurred and when and where your several reincarnations occurred, but that either ever occurred they have no proof, and no more information than a Digger Indian. Their knowledge is scholarly affirmation maintained by scholarly sophistry. One of these philosophers, a genius hailing from that boneyard of literary ventures, Denver, has issued a "magazine" containing one article by himself which fills the entire number. In it he very learnedly attempts to prove his confident assertion that we enjoy a bodily immortality; that we have a oneness with God; that as Christ's body was immortal so is man's and that the sepulchers are all empty. A man who will make these assertions when tombs sarcophagi and catacombs give him the lie, is over-civilized and over-educated. Strange as is the assertion, stranger still the argument used to prove it. Let me quote: "Man is the universe; it is of him and he is of it. Man is the universe and the universe is man; as much in outerthness as in innerthness; on the visible, no less than on the invisible side. Man's physical body is the microcosm of the visible universe (of all he sees consciously or unconsciously), as his soul is the microcosm of that visible universe, in that it is itself the invisible universe, of which the visible universe is but the microcosm." This is not a bit of Mark Twain's humor, but an excerpt from a serious work. The entire article is marked by great scholarship and an opulence of information is lavished on it. Everything is proven with an amplitude of testimony and a wealth of quotation excepting the chief postulate. Spurred on by the exuberance of a rich fancy and with his eye in fine frenzy rolling, he defiantly hurls full in the teeth of the doubting Thomases, this reason for the faith that is in him:

"The resurrection of Jesus, the Crised or spirited baptized and anointed man, in the body of flesh and blood, and his continued personal existence in that living body of flesh and blood, among men on earth—this is the basic fact upon which rests the truth of bodily immortality."

One would conclude that the truth of bodily immortality

had rather a small basis to stand upon, but that is because no one has put him next. To the Denverite it is clear as mud that the "basic fact" is as broad as from Dan to Beer-sheba. He explains how he knows he knows thus:

"This fact has been made known to the author on the outer and on the inner planes. Because Christ lives in the body, he does not live less but more in the spirit generated in and radiating from that personality to all men—through all the world and through all worlds. * * * Here we have the result of the repetition, through so many ages, of the manifestation of death in the body—the great error, the great negation, the great lie."

Some years ago Prof. James Rhodes cultivated the Platonic theory of Perception until he became, or thought he became, prescient and claimed to have been endowed with the powers of prophesy. He wrote "The Coming Cataclysm," wherein a tidal wave was to have swept over California and submerged the coast country around to Florida and up as far as Memphis. Like our Denver dreamer, he was over-civilized and over-educated and followed around the orbit of his mental wanderings until he reached the plane of the ignorant enthusiasts, black and white, who prophesy the end of the world from time to time. These people are victims of society. Had they been taught to chop trees, dig trenches, bend at the oar and perform manual labor they would have been better balanced, happier and more useful citizens. The mental excesses in which they have indulged have left their brains hot and exercised until they imagine the grotesque figures which their perverid fancies conjure up, are real.

But these are comparatively harmless. No one need read their disquisitions unless he so desire. Over-civilization among the scientists is much more of a disadvantage to the world. Of late years great discoveries have been made, it is true. The X-ray enables people to see the bones in their hands and arms, reminding them of Sydney Smith's desire to "take off his flesh and sit in his bones," to avoid the extreme heat. Another scientist has invented a machine which can locate the human soul. But there are losses for which these things, great as they are, cannot compensate. The old simple pleasure of eating and drinking has been taken away by scientists and sanitarians who tell us that the once wholesome herbs of the garden, the luscious fruits of the orchard, the rich juice and firm flesh of animals, game and fish, are all swarming with bacteria and filled with micro-organisms that, contrary to the teachings of prohibition, water is one of the most dangerous of all fluids to drink; that sparkling and crystal as it is fresh from the laboratory of Nature, it must be boiled, filtered and aerated to free it from the deadly bacilli and render it fit for consumption. The prosaic work of fruit-canning, butter and bread-making has been invaded by the scientists and the dairyman is now advised to first destroy the unhealthy germs by Pasteurization then to inoculate the cream with the particular germs desired. According to Dr. Schweinitz the use of germs has been patented and we soon may find branded upon particularly fine butter and cheese a notice of the fact, as a certificate of good character for the product. Watteau painted dairy maids in silk and satins, laces and exquisite lingerie. The modern dairy-maid will have to be painted with magnifying glass in hand, herding microbes, as a return to the unnatural natural, and she will be a man. These things are not calculated to increase one's relish for butter. But then, it explains why the bread-and-butter midday lunch on hot days at school tasted so peculiarly. As to over-civilization in the domain of medicine the testimony of Dr. Samuel A. Fisk, quoted in a late number of the Medical Record, is interesting. He claimed that more patients had been killed with antipyrine than had died from the grippe, and that he sometimes wondered whether or not the same thing could not be said for creosote and tuberculosis. If the doctors keep on discovering there will be no living. From a sentimental standpoint, the botanist who tears a flower to pieces and shows you the various parts, the stamen, the pistils, the corolla, is a destroyer of the beautiful. What he says may be true, but we are better without such knowledge. We know now that the sky is not what the quartrian-building tent-maker of Naishapur calls an "inverted bowl" and that the stars are not the eyes of angels keeping watch, but life has not been the same to any one since he learned that "the floor of heaven" is mere mist and vapor. We lose much from the scientific discoveries of some and from the asceticism of others. There is too much "loafin' round the throne" when men could be in better business. A little manual labor, a few gallons of honest sweat would cure all this. The ancient Jews ordered things better than we do. Students of the Talmud and of the Mosaic and Mishmic periods, so luminously explained by the essays of Emanuel Deutsch,—who has furnished us a "gemara," a

scholion and critical expansion of the text,—may find such admonitions as: "It is well to add a trade to your studies; you will then be free from sin." "The tradesman at his work need not rise before the greatest doctor." "Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God." The Jews exalted labor "as on the one hand it prevented an abject worship of learning, as on the other it kept all ascetic eccentricities from the body of the people." In modern times only the Knights of Labor declare that, "labor is noble and holy," and every mother's son of them gives labor the go by as soon as he accumulates enough to live on without work. With us, Inertia is the ruling deity and is worshipped with such intense devotion that the philistine finds in the Pyrrhic dance of the political torch-light processionists, the phallic worship of the Seeley's or even the enthusiastic idiocy of the man who walks around a billiard table all night, not unwelcome diversions. Golf, bicycle riding, baseball, prize fighting and all athletic games are protests against the inertia of over-civilization, and attempts to exorcise the narcotized physical powers. The advent of the new woman is a rebellion against the feminism of lackadaisical man. The athletic woman is a protest against the etherealized insipidity of the tasteless and odorless hothouse girls of the modern social conservatory. In the making of men, in the furnishing of human comforts and happiness, it is as perilous to stray from nature as it is to stray from Greek models in the field of art. This we have done. But Nature, while she can be wholly extinguished, cannot be permanently repressed. She will rebel and break her shackles. Sometimes she asserts herself sensationally, as when an heiress elopes with her father's coachman. Sometimes she asserts herself philosophically, as when a Diogenes takes to his tub, or a Tolstoi, putting aside the tawdry and tinsel of over-civilization, puts on a peasant's garb and works with his hands. Sometimes she asserts herself simply as when Father Krepp teaches his fellow man the barbarity of boots and foolishness of fashionable clothing, and leads them to health, with unsandaled feet, through the sparkling dews and rippling streams. And sometimes, alas! she asserts herself tragically by breaking through the veneer of generation of social eclecticism and ultra-prudery and plunging her victim into the darkling waves of wild eroticism, or adrift on the waste waters of desolation.

THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

By Ethelyn Leslie Huston.

In the *Literary Digest* for May 29 appears an article quoted from *The Examiner*, upon which the *Digest* comments: "As a confession of personal beliefs regarding the duty of giving, from one of the largest givers in the world, it is of great interest."

In the article Mr. Rockefeller remarks to the young men's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church: "I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can fairly and honestly, to keep all you can, and to give away all you can."

A year ago, while editorial writer on an eastern trade journal, a letter from the manager of the Standard Oil Company to an agent, came into my possession and is still, I believe, in the "archives" of the paper. The letter I published and it read as follows: "We note what you have to say in reference to ——— & Co. We must have their trade, therefore sell them at the best price you can, but be sure and sell them. We would advise that if you have to make a low price on Water White, that you make oil to suit the price by mixing. Our Prime White is very fine and a portion of it can be mixed with the Water White. You should also make your price for Perfection at least one cent more than for W. W. When you have a trade made with H——, you must make the same price with R—— and any other jobbers there that you sell. It may be well to make such prices confidentially to the various parties, as it will do no harm to have them believe that they are getting a little the inside track."

Mr. Rockefeller's share of the usual quarterly dividends of the Standard Oil Company for '96 was \$11,600,000, or \$31,868 for every day in the year, including Sunday, which means \$3,128 for every hour in the day. Wanamaker once said: "No man ever made \$150,000,000, or even \$50,000,000. He may have captured it in a sort of a way but he never made it."

Comparing the foregoing items of interest, there seems to be an aching void in the general symphony. The paean of self-congratulatory praise that Rockefeller sang to those guileless young biblical youths sort o' sags in the middle in the face of the lingering echoes of that most portentous epistle. While the oil magnate poured forth a stream of liquid eloquence only equalled by his famous Water White, to the gilded

yout of the Fifth Avenue gate to Elysian Fields, his equally earn "hirelings" were pouring forth a stream of instructions: the four points of the compass to starve out all competitors, to undersell them, squeeze them dry—to, in brief, "crush them to pulp and damn the expense."

Consistency is a scintillating gem that somehow fails to scintil among the magnate's diamonds. While he gives with a princely hand, he grasps with a royal arm that rivals Victoria and all her progeny.

In the face of his enormous octopus, small dealers fade away as the sna' in the thaw, Jean.

Mr. Rockefeller and his company annihilate the "live and let live" principle, they pauperize enterprise, then seek the world's approval by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Honest philanthropy usually consists in placing the tool in the hand of labor. The Standard Oil company forces the tool from the toiler's hand. The Golden Rule does as you would be done by. The golden vampire sucks the life-blood of honest pride out of labor and gives it the bitter bread of charity instead. Is that philanthropy? Mr. Rockefeller's company fills Mr. Rockefeller's coffers and of course Mr. Rockefeller's broad mantle of charity so shrouds his sympathetic optics that he fails to see that the source of his revenue is one of lying, deceit, hypocrisy, theft, adulteration, misrepresentation, and everlasting damnation to come, an' the scriptures lie not.

Let that innocent and charitable gentleman "get all he can"—honestly or otherwise—and flatter himself that his princely palaces, like the sacred manger, have given birth to a second Jesus. But do not let reputable magazines like the *Literary Digest* add their powerful diapason to the chorus of sycophants cringing at the feet of any representative of one of the most pitiless, most dishonorable and most monstrous monopolies that ever cast odium and insult in the faces of America's most honored gods—pride and independence.

Boise City, Idaho, July 10.

COLCHIAN DAYS.

By Tristram Dudley.

The immemorial Nile, river of ancient years,

Herald to distant seas from the heart of a lonesome land,
Cataract-torn and tossed, sprinkled with blood and tears,
Is forever seeking rest from its journey of sun and sand.

Vain is the quest, all vain; for the sea gives up its dead;

Plucked from their ocean grave by the sun's compelling rays,

The waters return to feed the stream's far fountain-head:—

Changed yet ever the same, must it flow and flow always?

The nations that on the banks worshipped and warred of yore
Passed out, and their nameless dust is blown where their temples stood;

But the waves of the deathless race still break on Oblivion's shore,

And the living follow still the phantoms the dead pursued.

And is this the sum of things? Is the toilsome march of mind

But an endless, vain pursuit of the shadow of hoped-for peace?

Must the Argonauts sent out by man's restless spirit find

But vapory capes and bays, and never the golden fleece?

In the twilight of ancient creeds must the children of man still grope,

While a sphinx of doubt reclines by the altars of every faith?—

On the dust of the countless dead the living still build and hope,

And the riddle remain unread that is traced on the door of death?

We know not, but this we know: That these are Colchian days;

The widening seas of thought with adventurous sails are white,

Whatever new lands may loom on the mariners' eager gaze—

What beacons may be disclosed to the watch of the mid-
dle-night.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE press of the whole world is teeming at this time with accounts of the "desperate duel" between "Prince" Henri of Orleans and the Count of Turin—in which "never any died." It appears that the "Prince"—who is no more a prince than Castellane's a count—published a dirty libel of the Italian army and was challenged to a sabre duel by the Turinic Tybalt, but promptly turned tail. Being compelled by force of public opinion to make some kind of a flutter, he finally consented to meet Italia's champion with those little French frog stickers which you can run through an able-bodied man without interfering with his appetite. As evidence of the awful dreadfulness of the weapons selected by ze Preence, the dispatches state that his "sword"—Oh ma!—was "stopped and bent by a button on the count's breeches!" The correspondents (who did not see it) describe the fight as "a terrible affair;" and so it must have been, as it terminated when ze Preence got one leetle scratch—which did not prevent him "walking unaided to his carriage," after having lain on "honor's gory bed" long enough for the doctor to determine that the weapon had penetrated his noble person fully a quarter of an inch! It appears that the jingle of a pant's button and the effusion of three drops of blood are sufficient to heal the hurt felt by the sacred honor of a "Prince of France!" I am pleased to learn that the generous Italian "shook his fallen foe by the hand"—instead of pulling out a stem of macaroni and blowing a spit-ball through his quivering heart. Hundreds of columns have been written extolling the "Prince's" courage, even cabled to America and gravely printed in Texas papers. Imagine a brace of cowboys settling a dispute of long standing by one running a knitting-needle a quarter of an inch in the other's lumbar region, touching no vital spot, not even breaking his liquor bottle! An *affaire d'honneur* in this country means work for the coroner; yet a "Prince of the blood royal," with an abrasion of the cuticle no more serious than the sting of a bee or the bite of a red-bug, whines that "he can do more," "walks unassisted to his carriage"—and is slathered by the press of two continents with insufferable gush anent his "dauntless courage." Had ze Preence made that kind of a crack in Texas the very boot-blacks would "giv' 'im d' guy." "Sacred honor!" "terrible duel"—and nobody dead! *O tempora! O mores! O hell!* "Prince Henri of Orleans"—"Peer of France," and all that kind o' thing. Faith I have a picture of the animal—a pug-nosed, dainty moustached dude with a carefully kept pompadour and ears like pies, suggesting a sensational preacher stuck on his shape—or a tenor singer! After making such an exhibition of his blondined liver, Henri should either jump into the Seine or beat his "sword" into plowshares and go plant hogs.

* * *

A. D. Hubbard, president of the Kansas A. P. Apes, was recently bundled into the penitentiary for embezzlement, having previously served a term in the same prison for forgery. If there is any prominent Ape outside of the pen he ought to be able to command a large salary at a dime museum as a curiosity. The crimes for which most of these holy patriots are in durance vile are theft, forgery, bigamy, embezzlement, murder, and sending obscene matter through the mails. If such be the product of "the little red school house" the sooner we abolish it the better. But public education did not produce the Ape; it was spawned by Ignorance and nursed by Impudence. A year ago the Iconoclast offered to pay \$250 to any prominent member of the A. P. A. who could prove good character for ten years past, and was a trifle surprised that not a single man applied for the money. The mystery is now solved—they were all either in the penitentiary or dodging the police.

* * *

According to the *London Chronicle* slavery still exists under the British flag and is enforced with British bayonets. While the English at home are said to associate with the nigger on terms of social equality, in some of the British possessions in Africa he is still regarded as personal property, and it is the duty of the gracious queen's officers to see that if he does any underground railroading he is caught and returned to his owner to be dealt with as the latter likes, even tho' the fugitive has to be dragged from a British mission house. I have ever held to the opinion that humane bondage is the best thing possible for the blacks; but what must we think of the hypocrisy of that nation which boasts that "when a slave touches British soil he is a slave no

longer," yet not only recognizes slavery but sustains it by military force?

* * *

A correspondent having asked the *Catholic Union and Times* "why the daily papers so often report sermons delivered in Protestant pulpits and so rarely mention anything said in Catholic churches," it replies that the published sermons are usually reported for the press by the preachers themselves, and that priests have neither time nor inclination for such toil. I willingly testify to the truth of that statement. For a dozen years I was editor of daily papers, during which time neither a Catholic priest nor a Jewish rabbi ever sent me the synopsis of a sermon; but there was seldom a Monday morning when I could not have filled the paper with the self-reported pulpit oratory of Protestant preachers. Never did a priest or rabbi attempt to dictate the policy of a paper with which I was connected, or boycott it because it did not voice his religious views; but ask the editor of any prominent daily between the two oceans, and if he doesn't confess that notoriety-seeking preachers are the most incorrigible nuisance with which he has to deal, you may draw on me for the price of a year's subscription to his paper.

* * *

Mayor Gibbons, of Paris, Texas, has been advising the "Old Lady," alias the Gal-Dal, that she is the one altogether lovely, the pride of his liver, the idol of his heart and the joy of his mind. The people of Paris once lynched a buck nigger for the ravishment of a babe. The "Old Lady" opines out loud that lynchers of rape-fiends are a lawless and cowardly set of curs who should be hanged higher than Haman. It once put approving head-lines over speeches by negro preachers who declared that they wanted white wives, and who proclaimed Fred Douglass, the saddle-colored miscegenationist, the equal of any white American from Washington down to the present day. Yet Mayor Gibbons goes out of his way to slobber over such a sheet. I can understand his recommendation of a paper which has every decent white man's contempt, only on the hypothesis that he's part "coon." It is quite natural that a lousy nigger should love the *News*; but why does Gibby sneer at the politicians, while himself an office-holder? Gibbons seems determined to advertise himself as one of those unclean birds that line their nests with their own guano. It is possible that the high and mighty panjandrum of the village of Patee is a well-meaning fellow who runs too much to mouth.

* * *

Dallas, Tex., Aug. 16.

Mr. Brann: Is the Sid Williams, whom the papers state is holding religious services at Richardson, the man who once declared in a sermon that Col. R. G. Ingersoll was grossly immoral in private life, and when asked for his authority referred to Rev. Thos. Dixon of New York, who denounced the statement as a lie? I notice that this fellow is denouncing slanderers, all who speak evil of others. Where did Williams come from? What does he look like?

HARRY G.

Yes, Harry; that was Sid. But it has become so in Texas that to convict a man of a malicious lie does not interfere with his "usefulness" as an evangelist. In fact, the dirtier liar, bigger blackguard and more hopeless ignoramus he is the better he seems to "take" with that class of people who usually vibrate between the campmeeting and the circus. In the matter of slander I suppose that Sid advises people not to do as he *does*, but as he *says*. I have no idea where he came from; but his total lack of culture, his ignorance and impudence, suggest that he graduated in theology in some river-front boozing ken or Boiler avenue variety dive. In personal appearance he somewhat resembles a cross between a bench-legged fice and a large catfish. He has the cut of a fourth-rate prize-fighter, and his language does not belie his looks. Sid is trying to give an imitation of Sam Jones; but the only thing he has in common with the gentleman from Georgia is an unlimited supply of gall. Where Sam is audacious and slangy, Sid is slanderous and obscene. The one turns the pulpit into a not uninteresting circus, the other transforms it into a foul cesspool that would stink the very devil to death. Sid resembles Sam just as a louse resembles a hen-hawk or a pin-worm a boa constrictor. I speak of the Rev. Sid Williams thus freely and frankly, because, while editor of the *San Antonio Express*, he practically asked me to "roast" him into a little prominence, knowing that he could get no other kind of a free "ad." in any respectable paper;

and I always like to accommodate a preacher to the full extent of my power. If this notice should attract more people to Sid's "gospel tent" and increase the collections by a few coppers, he will feel that he has "worked" me for space and rejoice with an exceeding great joy. It were cruel and unchristian to deny him a pleasure which I can so easily confer.

* * *

I have been reading a sermon by Rev. S. O. Mitchell, and a lecture by Mr. O. Paget, the distinguished free thinker, published side by side in a Dallas paper. Bro. Mitchell complains bitterly that "infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away." As this doleful moan has now been in the mouth of ministers for several centuries, I vote that it be given a vacation. As infidelity "takes away" the immortality of Man—confiscates Father, Son and Holy Ghost—I have sometimes wondered what the preachers expect it to give us as satisfactory *quid pro quo*. Mr. Paget's lecture is on Hydrophobia, and he undertakes to demonstrate that no such disease is caused by the bite of a dog, that "it is simply the result of fear and false education"—an opinion held by some eminent scientists. If Mr. Paget succeeds in demonstrating the truth of this thesis what does he propose to give us in place of the death-dealing mad-dog, that the soul of Parson Mitchell may be satisfied? If Mr. Paget proves that there is no hell of fire must we consider him a public enemy unless he presents us with a hell of ice? If he finds out that there is no God, must he proceed to make one in order to escape the dreadful charge hurled at iconoclasm that "it destroys but does not create?" I suspect that Mr. Paget will fail in his attempt to abolish heaven, hell and hydrophobia—that when he hits the hereafter he'll find that Jehovah is no josh; but I emphatically dissent from the Mitchellian conclusion that a man is obligated to give us aught but the bald-headed truth as succedaneum for fatuous superstition, whether in religion or science. It were well for Parson Mitchell, and others who talk too much and think too little, to understand that you cannot possibly deprive a man of one idea without giving him another—that in the realm of mind there is no such thing as "taking and giving nothing in return." You can only supplant a falsehood with a truth, and a truth with a falsehood. The normal mind abhors a vacuum, and is absolutely honest with itself, whatsoever it may be to others. A man believes or disbelieves according to the evidence offered and his power of analyzation—is Atheist or Christian, not as he would be, but as he *must* be; hence it is that you can only deprive a man of one idea by giving him another which he believes to be better. While it is quite possible that Mr. Paget is mistaken in his opinions regarding hydrophobia and heaven, he gives us in his lecture much valuable information concerning which there can be no controversy; but Parson Mitchell's sermon is simply a string of shop-worn banalities of which the very babes are weary. He should ask that hereafter his homilies be printed on a different page from the lectures of Paget; placing them side by side makes the contrast too painful.

* * *

I am pleased to learn that D. G. Bickers, editor of the *Cracker*, published at Gainesville, Ga., has been licensed to preach. With the Grace of God permeating his soul like a perfume, perhaps he will refrain from cribbing his leading editorials from the *Iconoclast* and neglecting to give credit.

* * *

The question of white vs. colored labor in Southern cotton mills is now attracting considerable attention. It has been found that "colored labor will work cheaper than white, and is more docile, less apt to go out on strike"—and that is a powerful argument with the average employer; but it remains to be seen whether it is as effective, and can be trusted on the finer grade of fabrics. The Ethiop is simply an anthropoid. He has the imitative faculty of other simians, but cannot be trusted to take the initiative; hence it is impossible that he should ever become a serious competitor of the white man in any occupation requiring intellect. While willing to "work cheaper, and is more docile" than the white man, he is shiftless, lazy, takes no pride in his work, but does it perfunctorily. I scarce think that a satisfactory cotton-mill operator can be made of such material, but may prove mistaken. With its sparse population and undeveloped resources, there should be opportunity in the South for all to earn a living. That there is not; that whites and blacks are quarreling over poorly paid employment; that able-bodied men are compelled to put their children in the mills instead

of sending them to school, proves that there is something radically wrong in our industrial system.

* * *

Praise the Lord! I've learned who Jno. W. Davis, of Waco, is. In fact, I knew the judge all the time, but thought his patronymic was Smith—that he was the party whose life was saved by Pocahontas. John was in Virginia, but Pocahontas had gone to the happy hunting grounds. He was a good Republican while in the Old Dominion, but in Texas switched to Democracy. He became politically homesick, however, and followed off after the Cleveland heresy. Like Judge Clark, Judge Davis has to take his political latitude and longitude every morning and examine his label before he can tell to which camp he belongs. When they have reached ultra-Republicanism they will start back and strike the Democratic pen-fold in time to cast their ballots for Bryan. Clark will probably become a Democrat first, but Davis will remain one longest.

* * *

Several months ago the Iconoclast called attention to some features of the fire and life insurance business as conducted by the "old line" companies, that savored strongly of buccaneering. That a Texas journal should have the "impudence" to criticise institutions which, by returning to the people one dollar for every three or four paid in by their patrons, had, in a few years, absorbed a sixteenth of the world's wealth, amused the organs of these concerns very much, and some of them in a cachinnatory spasm, must have ruptured their umbilical cord, as they are no longer on the earth. Those that still manage to lick plates and absorb stray crumbs in the house of the insurance barons seem to have lost the linch-pin out of their hee-haw. In several American states the old liners are being prosecuted for entering into "combines," or conspiracies to defraud their patrons, and the indications are that the merry war is but in its infancy. The "old liners," not satisfied with playing the public with three chances out of four in their own favor, appear to have pooled issues and devised a bunco game by means of which they hope to grab the entire boodle. Twenty-eight of these "public benefactors" have been indicted in Mississippi, Ohio is on the hot trail of others, while a dynamite bomb appears to be ripening under the coat-tails of the "old liners" in Tennessee. By combining the companies are enabled to fix a rate that means brazen robbery, and then utilize their united strength in resisting the payment of honest claims.

* * *

W. F. Griffin of Dallas is now engaged in working the press for a fourth-class preacher. His success in this line suggests that he would make a splendid advance agent for a traveling corn doctor, a snake-show or a ten-cent circus.

* * *

W. C. Brann: What do you mean in your article in the July number of the Iconoclast when you say, "When we have a redundant currency prices rise nominally instead of actually." What is your definition of price? Give us the distinction between a nominal rise in price and an actual rise in price. How do you determine or tell when the money in any country is redundant? W. S. W.

(1) I mean that prices do not rise at all, but that our "measure of value" contracts. (2) The same as Noah Webster's. (3) An actual rise in price is an increase in the purchasing power of a commodity—when it will exchange for more of other commodities than formerly. (4) The currency of a country is redundant when, in obedience to the law of supply and demand, the purchasing power of the unit of value sinks below the normal, just as the supply of cotton is redundant when it exceeds the efficient demand and forces the market price to a figure that does not yield the producer a reasonable profit.

* * *

"Dollar Wheat! McKinley and Prosperity!" shrieks a Minneapolis paper. Right you are, honey! Had Bryan been elected the American wheat crop would have been a total failure, while foreign countries would have raised billions of bushels of that cereal for export. By McKinley's election the foreign wheat crop was blighted and American fields made to bring forth an hundred fold. Mark Hanna saved the country with his 20 million dollar educational fund, and shall have a niche four rods square in the holy temple of fame. But a great many of us grew cotton instead of wheat, and are still plugging along at 6 cents a pound. We rejoice with our fortunate wheat-growing neighbors, even tho' the purchasing power of cotton, as measured by flour, compels us to eat corn.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

I learn from the *Chicago Drovers' Journal* that "one roof now shelters Millionaire John Bradbury and his pretty wife who had deserted him, but pride still stands between them and reconciliation;" also that "Bradbury says he is willing to forgive his wife, but being the offended party he expects the overtures to come from her." The *D-J* assures us that they have a suite of rooms at the Hotel Wellington, but "are still occupying separate apartments;" that "a few tears and a husband's kind words will bring this romance to a dramatic finale." The *D-J* slings in a great deal more soup from the same putrid pot, calculated to raise the gorge of even *Town Topics'* readers. Who in the name of Balaam's talkative burro is Millionaire John Bradbury? So many "pretty wives" of millionaires—money covers multitudinous ugliness as well as sexual sins—are having escapades, "romantic" and otherwise, and getting themselves forgiven, that a scandal in high life is ancient history ere it is two weeks old. "Millionaire John Bradbury," eh? Isn't he the Californian with a pint of Injun blood surging about inside of him, whose wife run off with a crummy English tramp, whom she supported by peddling the Bradbury jewels among the pawnbrokers? Wasn't this interesting couple overhauled by the police in a 'Frisco hotel at the request of the injured husband? Didn't we hear considerable at the time about Mr. John Bradbury's murderous Injun blood and the sinister light in his ebon eye when he discussed the subject? Didn't the press make us shudder and groan by predicting that John would give his Injun blood a chance to hump itself, would wreak an awful r-r-revenge on the bloody Hinglishman who was strumpetizing the wife of his buzzum? And isn't the "fell destroyer" alive and enjoying three square meals per day—paid for with the Bradbury diamonds? I'm not sure that John is the heap big Injun who "never forgets or forgives," and who was expected to lay for the destroyer of his home with a two-edged tomahawk in each hand, even follow him across the tumultuous wave tho' he had to walk—to rest not until the scalp of his enemy dangled from the ridgepole of his palatial wigwam, yet who didn't so much as make a toy-pistol play when he had the opportunity; but I incline to the view that I'm on the right reservation. Be that as it may, Bradbury is a millionaire whom some fellow has presented with what Shakespeare would call an elegant pair of horns, and escaped unpunished. He is willing to overlook what the *D-J*, euphemistically calls her "romance," to restore a debauched woman to her old place in his heart and home, if not in his confidence; but his terrible "pride" prevents him doing so until she suggests that it would be agreeable—until she intimates that she prefers a round million with her husband to beggary with her paramour. John is hanging around her door with absolute readiness, waiting to be "asked!" It seems to me that "pride" of that kind needs a carbolic acid bath and a coat of calomine. The husband who receives back into his home a libidinous old heifer whom he knows has dishonored him, has no more idea of manly pride than has a hound pup, no more conception of gentlemanly self-respect than has a dunghill rooster. Men of some little respectability have married reformed Magdalenes; but no man of honor ever received back a wife who had become a bawd. The man who does so, be he millionaire or mendicant, makes a mockery of marriage, insults every decent woman in the world by proclaiming that wifely purity is a thing of little worth, that the ruined honor of a family can be repaired as easily as a broken bike. But Bradbury is not the only animal of his kind on earth. We do not have to go as far as California and hunt up half-breed Injuns to find men equal to such infamy—men who boast of their "pride" while hanging their hat on a cuckold's horns and keeping what Othello would call a "cistern" that had been befouled by lecherous toads. Even here in Waco, the hub of chivalry, the Camelot of King Arthur's court, where honor is supposed to be the all-in-all, it were not difficult to find a creature who can give Bradbury pointers in the science of shamelessness and double-discount him in all that makes for human degradation. Suspecting, like Tolstoi's Poydyschew, that somebody was poaching on his preserves, he proceeded to investigate, and like the hero of the Kreutzer Sonata, he seems to have found that his prophetic soul had not played him false, whatever his wife had done. Producing a six-shooter as big as a sugar-barrel, he shut his eyes, blazed away—and killed a horse, which seems to have been the only respectable member of the informal picnic party. Having recovered his property, the Waco warrior hauled it in triumph home, and

boasted, so it is said, that the escapade would soon blow over and she would be received into Waco's best society! The gay Lothario still lives, but the horse is dead—offered up to the immortal gods a sacrifice for sin. It seems that the male offender squared himself at home by pleading that it was a repetition of the Potiphar and Joseph episode, and that when laid hold of, his garment, unlike that of the pious Hebrew, was too tight to slip and too strong to tear. Anyway, I'm pleased to learn that the husband, like the hero in the play, "arrived in the very nick of time." To this little melodrama, enacted in the suburbs of our eminently religious city, I shall offer no objection; for if the husband is content the world should be satisfied. Christ forgave Mary Magdalen. As he wasn't married to her at the time, it was unnecessary to satisfy the law regarding the wages of sin by boring a hole in an innocent horse. But while the Waco warrior was "vindicating his honor" and frightening a tender-foot with his noise, he was having a little "romance" of his own, the latter fact being my only excuse for defiling white paper with a recital of his rather interesting family affair, some knowledge of his equine sacrifice being necessary to a comprehension of his iniquity. There was a poor but eminently respectable widow living in the city with her young daughter and still younger son. It appears that this fellow had known them in another state, which fact he utilized to become the officious friend of the family. He watched over it like an old gander over a brood of goslings. The girl was about 18, one of those sweet, trusting maids who know nothing of the world and its ways. The friend of the family became very solicitous about the health of the mother. He gave her little son a situation. He paid surreptitious court to her daughter. It was Mephistopheles vs. Margaret, and with the usual result—lovely woman stooped to folly to find too late that men betray, as Mr. Goldsmith would remark. The maid became enciente by this inhuman monster. The trusting mother was made to believe that she had some dropsical disease. The acquaintances of the friend of the family knew of the liaison and its unhappy consequence, and begged him to send the maid out of the city, to take some steps to conceal her shame; but he treated the suggestion with brutal contempt. The mother, becoming alarmed by her daughter's condition, called in a doctor. "Enciente—seven months," said Aesculapius. The mother fell back in a dead faint. When she recovered consciousness she hurried with her little family to the depot, not even pausing to take down her birds that were singing in the porch. She could not breathe during another day the atmosphere of a city infested by the unclean beast that had broken her heart. From a far northern city she wrote to a real estate agent to sell her little home at any sacrifice—she had shaken the dust of Waco from her feet forever. And this animal hasn't been tarred and feathered. He walks the streets of Waco and white men speak to him as tho' nothing had happened. There was some talk of making him the subject of a surgical operation; but "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and he is still virile and vicious. The widow is crushed; the life of her young daughter is forever blighted; her little son will be shadowed so long as he lives by his sister's shame. And the author of this infamy is the fellow who vindicated the honor of his own home—by shooting a horse. If "money is omnipotent," as the French say, he will never be punished, not in the eminently respectable and ultra-religious city of Waco. But perhaps when the girl's brother grows up he will know how to handle a shot-gun. "The years," we are told, "are seldom unjust."

GOVERNMENTAL FIRE INSURANCE.

W. C. Brann: While you advise the governmental control of life insurance, you object to the same system applied to fire insurance. Why would not the latter be both plausible and practicable? A citizen makes a return to obtain insurance, and upon that valuation he should pay his taxes. Would not this be a good, if not the most feasible method to obtain the right valuation on man's personal property? The result is very apparent. The less he would estimate the value of his property, in order to evade taxes, the less insurance he would be entitled to collect, and conversely. He would be obliged to make a reasonably correct return for his own protection. Would not this be a solution of that very problem that the income tax attempted to solve? It would give the small property owner, who is principally the workingman in this country, the smallest burden of the tax,

and each man on the ladder of wealth from him up, would pay in the right proportion, and each would receive his insurance at a right price, and by means of a right and simple system the losses could be easily adjusted and paid.

PAUL L. FEISS.

Government has a perfect right to compel a man to insure his life in a sum sufficient to afford reasonable security that, in case of his death or disability, his dependants will not become a charge on the public. This is in accordance with the axiom that "one man's liberty ends where the rights of another begin." If government exercises that right it follows, as an illative consequence, that it should provide insurance at an equitable price and be responsible for the payment of matured policies, instead of acting as steerer for private corporations already grown immensely rich on the fruits of robbery. The very people whom it is most desirable to reach by compulsory life insurance—the ones who are the chief contributors to our contingent of paupers—have little or nothing to protect from fire. Governmental fire insurance, therefore, cannot be justified by the plea that it is a preventative of pauperism; but Mr. Feiss urges that it would secure an equalization of taxation, in which event it is in accord with the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. Clearly it would not accomplish this purpose unless it were made compulsory, for many prefer to assume their own risk rather than pay an insurance premium. In this class, so I am informed are many wealthy men having property in divers places, as well as some of our largest corporations. If we make insurance compulsory would not this non-insuring class have much the same temptation to place a low valuation on their property to reduce their premiums that they now have to reduce their taxes? If insurance be made the basis of taxation would not thousands of others reduce their insurance estimates to avoid paying what would be in effect a double premium? Would not the man who has a building insured for \$10,000, and assessed for taxation at \$5000, be tempted to reduce his insurance to \$2500, feeling that the amount thus saved more than repays him for the risk? How would governmental fire insurance, even tho' compulsory, solve the tax problem when it cannot be applied to land, while bonds, stocks, and other increment-earning securities may be protected by fire-proof vaults? It might be urged in view of the buccaneering combines of "old line" companies that governmental fire insurance would be justified because it would, by its cheapness, save the people millions of dollars that now go to enrich the drones; but that proposition, carried to its logical conclusion, would mean applied socialism. There are a great many well-informed men, however, who would not object to it on that account.

The super-esthetic editor of the New York *Sun* wants to substitute "clever" for "brainy," the latter being a word which gives him an acute pain in what Mrs. Partington would call his "abandon." A man may be "clever" without being "brainy," and he may be a New York editor without being either, as exemplified by the *Sun's* awkward attempts to be witty at the expense of Texas.

* * *

F. C. Moore, claiming Denver as his abiding place, writes me from the Palace hotel at Antonita, Col., enclosing a newspaper account of the action of Bishop Finks, of the Kansas City diocese, in forbidding Catholics to attend a Sunday picnic given by the Irish-Americans. Mr. Moore adds: You say you're not a Catholic, but I'll bet \$500 you don't give this man a roast. Shove up the long green, Mr. Moore, with any Denver banker, wire me, I'll cover it, and if I fail to give Bishop Finks a "roast" that registers 907 in the shade you're \$500 "to the good." Being so anxious to have justice meted out to all alike, it follows that you must be an honorable man, and if honorable you'll make the proffered wager instead of going back on your word. Bishop Finks may as well get ready for that "roast," may consider his fat already in the fire. Whoopee! Just let me get at him—\$500 worth.

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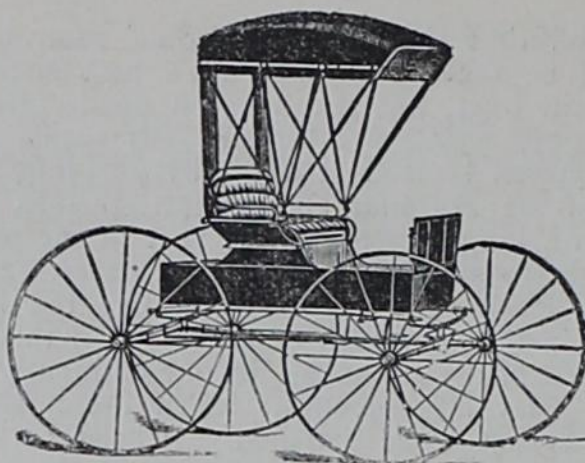
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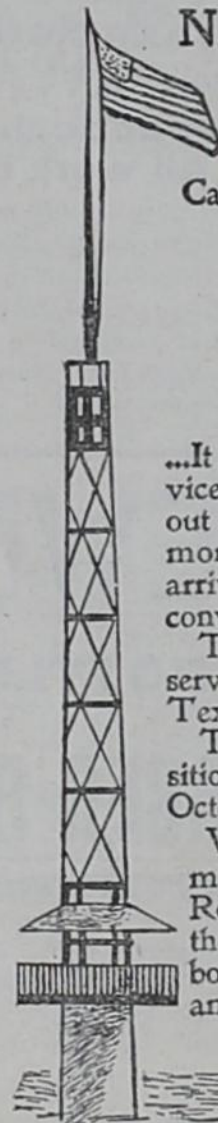
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